This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

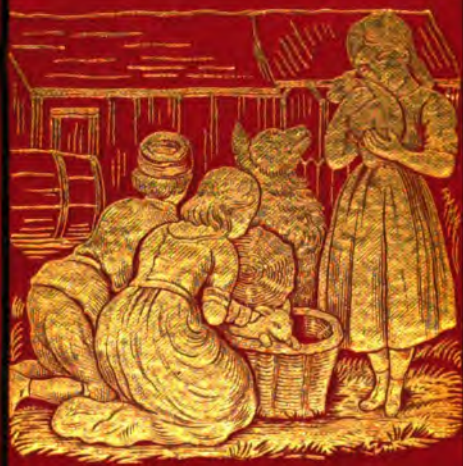
We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

The Children's Pastime



THE CHILDREN'S PASTIME

Pictures and Stories for the Little Ones

OUR NEW BOOK.

THE

CHILDREN'S PASTIME

Pictures and Stories

BY

LISBETH G. SÉGUIN,

Author of "Walks in Algiers," "Life in a French Village," "The Black Forest," &c.

WITH TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS BY
J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., TOWNLEY GREEN, W. SMALL, F. A. FRASER,
E. G. DALZIEL, AND OTHER ARTISTS.

London:
HODDER AND STOUGHTON,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.
MDCCCLXXXIV.

All Rights Reserved.

252. fe. 24

BODLEIAN LIBRARY
22 AUG 85
OXFORD.

Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Limited, London and Aylesbury.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
OUR NEW BOOK	*Frontispiece.*
THE NEW BOAT	2
MAUD	4
MAUD'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL	6
NAUGHTY NETTIE	8
THE SCRAP-BOOK	10
MALCOLM AND HIS LITTLE SISTER	12
GERTY'S UNFORTUNATE DAY.—I.	14
GERTY'S UNFORTUNATE DAY.—II.	16
THE DOG WITH THE MEASLES	18
DOG LANGUAGE	20
THE BABY SHOW	22
MILLY'S MEDICINE	24
THE CANAL BOAT	26
WILLY'S TYRANT	28
POLLY	30
UNCLE TOM	32
MAKING BELIEVE	34
SYMPATHY	38
THE CHRISTENING	39
THE WET DAY	40
SONG—"CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY"	42
GATHERING SNAILS	44

PAGE

THE PEDLAR 46
BABY BROTHER 48
THE WOUNDED BIRD 50
HARRY AND LOTTY 52
STAR CATCHING.—I. 56
STAR CATCHING.—II. 58
LIZZIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY 60
GOING TO THE SEASIDE 62
AT THE SEASIDE 64
PAPA TO TEA IN THE NURSERY 66
WAITING FOR THE CHILDREN 68
THE HOSPITAL TREAT 70
FARMER HALES 72
THE RACE 74
A STORY BY FIRELIGHT.—I. 76
A STORY BY FIRELIGHT.—II. 78
JENNY'S PENNY 80
THE LITTLE GRAVE 82
KING BABY 84
SONG—"SPRING FLOWERS" 86
AUNTIE'S BIRTHDAY 88
THE MONKS 90
THE CONVENT SCHOOL 92
THE STORM 94
THE DOLL'S HOUSE 96
THE BOY WITH THE BROKEN LEG 98
BLIND CHILDREN 100
PLAYING DRAUGHTS 102
ALFRED'S UNTRUTH.—I. 104
ALFRED'S UNTRUTH.—II. 106
ITALIAN FRUIT-SELLERS 108

PAGE
HYMN 110
THE MOONLIGHT WALK 112
SKATING TO MARKET 114
THE BREAKING-UP 116
THE LARK 120
THE GOVERNESS.—I. 122
THE GOVERNESS.—II. 124
THE LAMB'S STORY.—I. 130
THE LAMB'S STORY.—II. 132
THE LAMB'S STORY.—III. 134
THE LAMB'S STORY.—IV. 136
THE LAMB'S STORY.—V. 138
THE YOUNG WIDOW 142
SONG—"SLEEP, LITTLE BIRD" 144
GOING TO CHURCH 146
ETHEL'S TALE.—I. 148
ETHEL'S TALE.—II. 150
ETHEL'S TALE.—III. 152
LITTLE NANCY 156
PRINCESS HILDA.—I. 158
PRINCESS HILDA.—II. 160
MORNA, THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD.—I. 162
MORNA, THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD.—II. 164
THE HONEST APPLE-WOMAN 168
THE POOR IRISH CHILD 170
RUB-A-DUB-DUB 172
THE PRETTY KITTEN 173
WHAT THE KITTEN HAD DONE 174
THE OLD NURSE 176
THE VILLAGE DRESSMAKER 178
MRS. DOUGLAS.—I. 180

CONTENTS.

PAGE

. 182
. 184
. 186
. 188
. 190
. 192
. 194
. 196
. 198
. 200
. 202
. 204
. 206
. 208
. 210
. 212
. 214
. 218
. 222
. 224
. 226
. 228
. 230
. 232
. 234
. 236
. 239
. 244
. 245
. 246
. 248

PAGE

GRACE 250
AUGUST DAYS 252
LOCKED IN 254
SONG—"CHRISTMAS EVE" 256
EVA DALE.—I. 258
EVA DALE.—II. 260
EVA DALE.—III. 262
EVA DALE.—IV. 264
THE PIANO-TUNER 266
MAGDALEN'S PETS 268
THE AYAH 270
SHRIMPING 272
THE LOST CHILD 274
THE NEW BABY 276
CAROLINE'S TASK 277
HANGING THE HOLLY 278
GOING TO BED 280
THE SHEPHERD BOY.—I. 282
THE SHEPHERD BOY.—II. 284
TICKLING PAPA 286
FIRE-PICTURES 288
THE TWO BIRTHDAYS 290
SONG—"WATCHING FOR FATHER" 292
THE SHOWMAN AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER 294
RIDING MAMMA 296
HOME, SWEET HOME 297
GRANDMAMMA'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS 298
COUSIN OLIVE 300
GARDENING 302
THE FAIRY CHILD.—I. 304
THE FAIRY CHILD.—II. 306

PAGE

MRS. DOUGLAS.—II. 182
MRS. DOUGLAS.—III. 184
MRS. DOUGLAS.—IV. 186
MAKING IT UP 188
SONG—"OFF TO THE WOODS" 190
SPRING 192
SUMMER 194
AUTUMN 196
WINTER 198
SYBIL.—I. 200
SYBIL.—II. 202
SYBIL.—III. 204
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE 206
CAIRO 208
JANE'S FIRST LETTER 210
THE BROKEN VASE 212
POOR JACK.—I. 214
POOR JACK.—II. 218
THE GOLD-DIGGINGS 222
SONG—"THE FAREWELL" 224
STAR-GAZING 226
UP AND DOWN 228
PLAYING WITH FIRE.—I. 230
PLAYING WITH FIRE.—II. 232
"THOMAS" 234
RACHEL MILROY.—I. 236
RACHEL MILROY.—II. 239
THE JACKDAW 244
THE YOUNG INVALID 245
THE ARABS 246
THE BLIND ORGANIST 248

PAGE

GRACE 250
AUGUST DAYS 252
LOCKED IN 254
SONG—"CHRISTMAS EVE" 256
EVA DALE.—I. 258
EVA DALE.—II. 260
EVA DALE.—III. 262
EVA DALE.—IV. 264
THE PIANO-TUNER 266
MAGDALEN'S PETS 268
THE AYAH 270
SHRIMPING 272
THE LOST CHILD 274
THE NEW BABY 276
CAROLINE'S TASK 277
HANGING THE HOLLY 278
GOING TO BED 280
THE SHEPHERD BOY.—I. 282
THE SHEPHERD BOY.—II. 284
TICKLING PAPA 286
FIRE-PICTURES 288
THE TWO BIRTHDAYS 290
SONG—"WATCHING FOR FATHER" 292
THE SHOWMAN AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER 294
RIDING MAMMA 296
HOME, SWEET HOME 297
GRANDMAMMA'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS 298
COUSIN OLIVE 300
GARDENING 302
THE FAIRY CHILD.—I. 304
THE FAIRY CHILD.—II. 306

PAGE

THE FAIRY CHILD.—III. 308
KIND MRS. LEE 312
PRAYING IN THE MOONLIGHT 314
STIRRING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING 316
THE BRICKLAYER AND HIS DOG 318
THE VAIN LITTLE GIRL 320
THE CARELESS LITTLE GIRL 321
GRANDPAPA'S GEOGRAPHY 322
A LETTER FROM MY LITTLE BOY 324
AT THE FARM 326
RESTING 327
HOP-PICKING 328
DEWDROPS 330
MOTHERLESS 331
THE FLOWER-GIRLS 332
READING TO OLD MRS. BROWN 334
THE EMIGRANT SHIP 336
FLOSSY'S LOST HAT 338
THE SICK SISTER 340
GOOD-BYE 342
OLD MARIE 343
OVER THE CLIFF 344
THE TOMBOY 346
THE LITTLE ARTIST 348
DEAR ROBIN 349
THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS QUITE POSITIVE 350

OUR NEW BOOK.

IT is a dreadfully wet afternoon, but I don't think we, any of us, mind that. We have been playing at "Tom Tiddler's ground" up in the nursery for ever so long, and have had great fun. Indeed I am sure we all enjoyed it more than going out for a walk in the cold.

And now we have come down to mamma in the library. There we all are! Jack, and Maggie, and Alice, and Pet, and I—my name is Nelly—and mamma in the big arm-chair which we have wheeled close to the fire.

Then I say, "Now, mamma, dear." And mamma says, "What does that mean?" But she is only pretending, I think, and knows quite well what we want her to do.

So I run and fetch it from the bookshelf, and we all settle down. Even Jack is quiet, for a wonder, and finds a nice little place on a footstool at mamma's feet, and Pet leaves her toys and climbs up the back of the chair.

Mamma smiles and says, "Oh! that's it. Is it?" and I say, "Yes." And if you want to know what *it* is—it is our new book, which mamma is going to read to us.

"Begin, mamma, dear. We are all listening."

THE NEW BOAT.

HERBERT is very clever at cutting things out of wood. He has made this boat all himself; and now he is going to take it to the pond to see if it will swim. It has three masts and a sail; and Herbert has tied a piece of string to the bow, so that if it should sail over to the other side of the pond, he will not lose it. Tottie is very anxious to see the boat swim, too. She has taken great delight in watching Herbert while he was making it—although, being only a girl, Herbert says she cannot be thought to know about such matters.

Herbert means to be a sailor when he grows up, and to go all round the world, like Captain Cook. He is very fond of talking about Captain Cook: about the voyages he made; the adventures he met with; and about the lands far out in the sea, where only savages lived, which he found out. Herbert thinks there is nothing he should like so much as to lead such a life. But Tottie is rather frightened when she hears about the fights which Captain Cook and his men had with the savages. "I should not like that at all," she says. "Oh! that is because you are only a girl," is always Herbert's answer.

THE NEW BOAT.

MAUD.

MAUD was an only child. She had no brothers or sisters to play with; but she was very clever at making up games and amusing herself. Her great friends and companions were Crib, the dog, and the dolly which mamma gave her on her birthday. The doll's name was Jemima. These three used to have fine romps together in the garden in the bright summer weather, and when they were all tired, they used to go off to a dear, cosy little spot, which Maud called her bower, and there Maud would tell fairy tales to her two friends. Crib, I am afraid, often went to sleep in the very nicest parts, which Maud thought very rude. Jemima always kept wide awake and quiet; but whether she really enjoyed the stories very much, I don't know. She said nothing about it.

But Maud used often to wish that she had some friends who would not leave her *quite* all the talking to do. "I wish I had a little sister, mamma," she would say; but her mamma not having a little sister to give her, at last made up her mind to send her to school. Perhaps you would like to know how she got on there, and whether she made any more friends.

MAUD.

MAUD'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

THE first day that Maud went to school she felt very lonely and shy. She was also rather vexed at the way in which the girls crowded round her and asked her questions. "How old are you?" "Where do you live?" "How many brothers and sisters have you?" "Can you play the piano?" "Have you begun dancing and drawing?" they inquired. Poor Maud could not answer all these questions at once. Besides, she thought them *rather* rude. So she said to herself, "I won't answer any of them, and then no one can be offended." But they were nearly all offended, and thought Maud a proud, sulky girl. After lessons, most of the girls did not wish Maud to play with them. But one, whose name was Mary, came and put her arm round her, and whispered kindly, "Don't be shy, dear; you will soon feel at home with us." And very soon Maud was good friends with them all. But Mary was always her dearest friend, because both their names began with an "M," she used to say; but I think it was because Mary was the first to speak a kind word to her, when she came to school as the "new girl."

MAUD'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

NAUGHTY NETTIE.

NETTIE was a very silly little girl. She did not like being washed and dressed. One morning she would not go into her bath, and she put herself quite into a passion. Her brother Arthur was a very good boy. He liked to be made clean and neat, and when he was dressed nurse gave him his breakfast; but she told Nettie that no little girl could have breakfast who was not washed. Still Nettie screamed and cried, and at last nurse sent for mamma. Mamma was very much shocked to find her little girl so naughty. She told Nettie about the poor little children who go about the streets ragged and dirty, and how thankful they would be to have a kind nurse to attend to them. "The best plan will be to leave Nettie all day just as she is, unwashed and undressed," said mamma. Nettie was rather frightened at this. She did not quite fancy being in her night dress all day; and already her toes began to feel *rather* cold. So she promised to be good at once; and mamma forgave her this time, but told her that the next time she was naughty she should be punished in this way; and as Nettie knew her mamma meant what she said, she took good care not to be naughty again.

NAUGHTY NETTIE.

THE SCRAP-BOOK.

AUNT JESSIE is sorting out all sorts of pretty little photographs and coloured scraps to paste into a book which she means to give her little niece Eva, on her birthday next week, when she will be six years old. You see she has her own case of drawings by her side, and some of these—the little ones—she is going to put into the scrap-book. With these Eva is sure to be very pleased, because they are Aunt Jessie's own drawing. Don't you remember how delighted mamma was with the kettle-holder which you gave her at Christmas, because it was all your own work?

Aunt Jessie pastes the scraps in very nicely. She does not let the gum run over the edges; and the pictures are all so neatly and carefully arranged that it will be quite a pleasure to look at them. Indeed, I think mamma will like the book to lie upon the drawing-room table, and then Eva will be able to look at it every evening when she comes down before dinner, and to show it to her god-papa when he comes home from India, as he has promised he will very soon, just on purpose to see Eva.

THE SCRAP-BOOK.

MALCOLM AND HIS LITTLE SISTER.

MALCOLM was a very thoughtful child, and he was very fond of asking questions. His mamma and aunt did not check this, but when they could, they answered and explained things to him. That is auntie who is now feeding little Cissy, for mamma is not very well and is taking her breakfast in bed.

"Auntie," Malcolm asks, "will Cissy always be a baby and have to be fed?" "No, dear, very soon I hope Cissy will be able to feed herself." "And then will she be as old as I am, auntie?" "She will always be younger than you are, Malcolm, so you will always have to take care of her." "What, even when I am grown up like papa, will she be a little girl?" "No, she will not be a little girl; but she will be a woman when you are a man, and so you will always have to take care of her, and be very gentle and kind to her." "Yes," Malcolm says; "and when I am a big boy I will not tease her as Robert Graham does his sister. Mamma says that is not behaving like a gentleman." "No, indeed, a true gentleman would never tease a girl or be unkind to her."

MALCOLM AND HIS LITTLE SISTER.

GERTY'S UNFORTUNATE DAY.—I.

GERTY used to go to school every morning, and as a rule she learned her lessons well, and was thought a good, busy, little girl. But one day she had quite a series of troubles. She was late, to begin with. Then she made spots of ink in her copybook. She did not know her spelling, and her sums would not add themselves up right. Poor Gerty was quite out of heart and a little cross, I fear; for when the young lady who was French teacher, asked her what was the chief city of France, she very carelessly and foolishly answered, "Berlin," which made the teacher very angry indeed. And, indeed, any little girl of nine should know that Paris is the capital of France, and Berlin of Germany; that Rome is the capital of Italy, and St. Petersburg of Russia. I wonder if you will remember this better than Gerty did.

As for Gerty, the teacher scolded her and gave her a long French lesson to learn. "What can be the reason of your so great naughtiness to-day?" she asked. And Gerty as she walked home asked herself the same question; but the more she thought about it the more puzzled she was.

GARTY'S UNFORTUNATE DAY.

GERTY'S UNFORTUNATE DAY.—II.

GERTY felt very unhappy and illused.

"I was not naughty," she said; "all the things went wrong by themselves." When she reached home she wandered out into the garden, and there she sat down to think, on a bank overhung by trees and bushes. She pulled up the flowers growing at her feet, and threw them away pettishly. "I hate the teacher and Berlin and the French and everybody," she said.

Presently she heard her brother's voice calling her. She answered his call without moving; but he soon came clambering over the bank and tree roots to her. "What's the matter?" he asked. And after a time Gerty told him all her troubles. "What can be the reason of it all? What can have made me so unlucky to-day?" she asked, when all was told. "Did you say your prayers this morning?" he said, after a pause. Gerty did not make a direct reply. "Do you think it could have been that?" she asked in return. "Perhaps it might," he answered. And Gerty thought very seriously over his answer, and made good resolutions for the future.

GERTY'S UNFORTUNATE DAY.

C

THE DOG WITH THE MEASLES.

POOR Archie has had the measles, and though he is now much better, the doctor will not yet let him leave his bed. When he was really ill he did not mind lying still, but he finds it very dull work now, and hardly knows how to amuse himself. His little sister Nelly is not allowed to come and play with him for fear of catching the measles; but she constantly sends him messages, and this morning she sent him her doll to keep him company as she might not come herself. Archie does not care very much for dolls. He is getting rather too big a boy for that, so poor Dollie soon gets put on one side. He finds his dog Foxie a much more amusing companion. He pretends that Foxie has the measles too, and must be kept very warm. Archie talks as if he were the doctor. "How is my young friend to-day?" he says. "Down, Foxie. Lie still, can't you? My young friend must keep warm—quite so. My young friend must keep his paws under the clothes, or he will catch cold. Now then for the tongue. How is the tongue to-day?" But Foxie, though he is willing to do all he can to oblige his young master, cannot be persuaded to hold out his tongue in

the proper way. Then Archie scolds him for this. "What do you think people would have said if I had refused to hold out my tongue to the doctor?" he asks. Foxie is quite unable to answer. "Well, at any rate," Archie goes on, "you must have your medicine, so it's no good making a fuss." And he holds a saucer under Foxie's nose. The saucer really contains some very nice beef-tea, the remains of Archie's luncheon; so, as soon as Foxie can wriggle himself out of bed enough to dip his nose in it, easily, he does not make any great objection to this proceeding, and, on the whole, he thinks that having the measles is rather good fun.

DOG LANGUAGE.

DO you know dog language? It is not generally taught at school, and I think you must have a little dog of your own before you can really understand it. Ella understands it perfectly. She knows all that her little dog Punch is saying to her—every word. As you don't, I will tell you. "Bow-wow!" All dogs begin by saying "Bow-wow!" but they often go on to say a great deal more. "Bow-wow, little mistress, what a long time you do take gathering those few flowers, to be sure! I hope you don't forget that you promised to go with me for a walk this morning. I am getting tired of waiting. I really do not take any pleasure in following you round and round this little garden. I know every tree and flower in it. So I will just sit here and wait for you. I want to see the world a little and have a change of scene; but do be quick, there's a dear."

And Ella lets him run on in this way until she has picked the bouquet for her mamma, and then she says: "Now, Punch!" and Punch jumps up and barks out quite plainly, "Bow-wow! How glad I am! What a nice walk we shall have together, shall we not, little mistress? How happy I am! Bow-wow!"

DOG LANGUAGE.

THE BABY SHOW.

DID you ever hear of such a thing as a baby show? Perhaps you have been to the Crystal Palace to see a dog show, or a cat show, or a poultry show; but I do not think you ever saw a baby show. There are such things, however—not many in England, I fancy—but they often have them in America, where they do all sorts of funny things.

This is the picture of a baby show, and it is in America, as you may see by the negro, who is laughing and talking and showing his white teeth, as he points to the prize baby—that means the baby who is the biggest, and the fattest, and the prettiest. Fortunately for the babies, they are not put in cages, like the poor little dogs and cats at the shows at the Crystal Palace, but each mamma keeps her baby on her knee, or in a cosy little cot at her side, and very proud she feels when the people admire her baby as they walk about.

Don't you think your baby brother would be certain to gain the prize if he went to a show? Ask mamma what she thinks about it. You, I am sure, are quite convinced that he is the prettiest, and the dearest, and loveliest baby that ever lived—are you not?

THE BABY SHOW.

MILLY'S MEDICINE.

MILLY has to take a dose of medicine. The doctor has been to see her, and now her mamma tells her that he says she must take the physic or she will be ill. Milly is a good, obedient little girl, and believes all that her mamma tells her—every word.

"It is not nice, darling," mamma says, "but it is to do you good, and you must drink it down without thinking about it. Will you?" And Milly, after a moment, says "Yes," for she knows that when she makes a promise she must always keep it; but she does not like the look of the bottle much.

Never mind, little Milly; be a brave little girl, and perhaps the bitter draught may be followed by something pleasanter. Ah! see what a splendid apple mamma has for you as soon as the medicine is taken. One, two, three! Not so bad as you thought, was it? Few things are. And there is the apple; and mamma tells Milly she is her own good little woman.

What with the apple and mamma's praises, Milly thinks that physic is not such a bad thing after all.

MILLY'S MEDICINE.

THE CANAL BOAT.

THESE little girls and their governess are watching the canal boat go by. Do you know what a canal is? A river, do you say? Well, not exactly; because a river is a stream which comes flowing down from the hills to the sea quite naturally; but a canal is a deep trench dug out and filled with water. There are several very long canals in England, and you might, if you liked to take a boat, travel on a canal from one end of the country to the other; but you would not go very fast, because the only kind of boats which are used on canals are barges. These go very slowly, for they are usually towed along by horses with a long rope attached to them; the barges do not carry passengers, but are generally piled with bricks or timber or coal. But, of course, there is a man to take care of the barge, and he has his wife and children with him; they all live on board the barge, in a funny little cabin that looks hardly large enough to hold them, but they seem very merry and happy, and the children "help father"—sometimes by steering the boats, sometimes by leading the tow-horse, or even riding astride on his back. Rather good fun, perhaps you think!

THE CANAL BOAT.

WILLY'S TYRANT.

POOR little Willy was a slave to a very cruel and hard master, who made him most unhappy, and left him no peace from morning till night. This cruel master was neither his papa nor his mamma, nor his nurse, nor his sister, who were all very kind to him; nor was John, the old gardener, his enemy—though John did very much object to Master Willy rooting up the geraniums which had just been planted out. That is what he has been doing now.

Willy's cruel master is nothing else than his own bad temper. See how very miserable he looks while Nurse is telling John how naughty he has been all the morning.

What a pity it is that Willy does not try to shake off this horrible master who so ill-uses him, is it not? I do not think he would be able to do so all at once; for the old tyrant will be sure to have many a fight with him. But if he tried very hard indeed, I am sure he would succeed in time; and what a grand thing that would be! Don't you hope that he will begin at once?

WILLY'S TYRANT.

POLLY.

POLLY is a very good and clever little girl. Though she is only five years old, she can undress herself, and often does so when Nurse is busy with baby. She can fold up her clothes quite neatly, and brush her hair and wash her hands and face. She is saying her prayers now quite steadily and seriously. She does not gabble them over, but thinks of what she is saying, and remembers that it is God to whom she is talking.

She has put her favourite doll Judy into bed, and when she has finished her prayers she will jump in too, and cuddle Judy until she goes to sleep.

Presently Nurse will come in and take away the candle, for Polly never touches that. But I think she will very likely be fast asleep before then; or, if not, she will not mind being left alone in the dark, for she knows that God will take care of her.

And in the dark she has all sorts of pleasant fancies, for she thinks that very often the fairies come and whisper pretty tales to her, and sometimes when she is asleep carry her off to fairyland, and show her all sorts of beautiful sights, such as she could never have dreamed of.

POLLY.

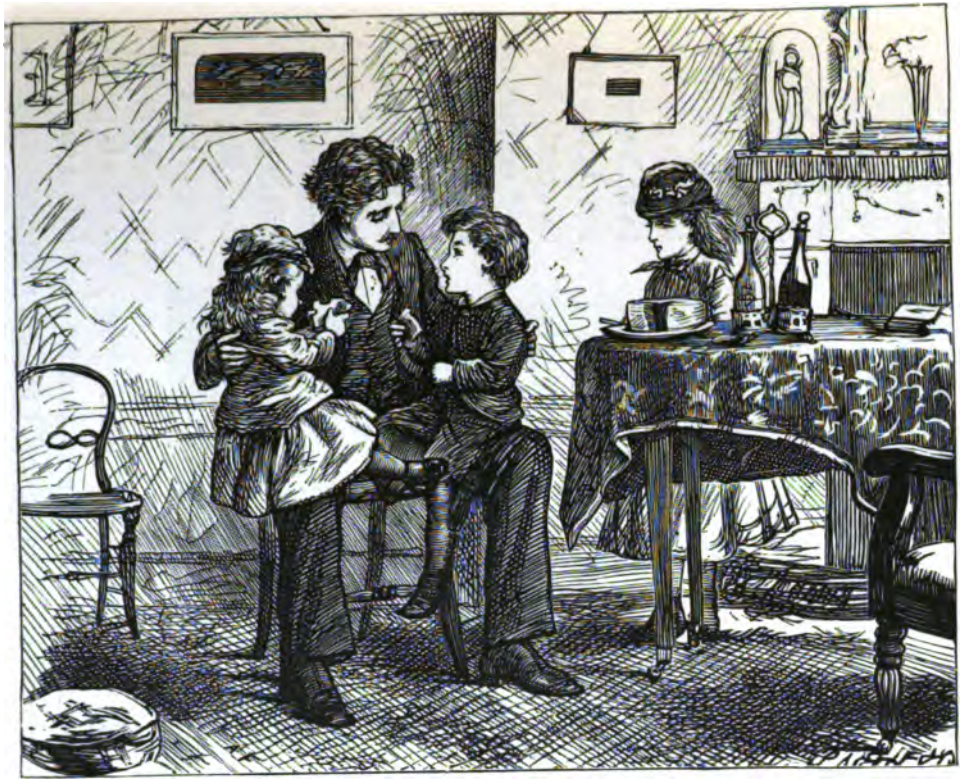
UNCLE TOM.

UNCLE TOM is the dearest uncle in the world, and there is nothing that Katie, Ernest, and Fred like better than paying him a visit. He lives up a number of stone stairs in a funny house called Chambers, and from his windows one can see the river, and the steamboats puffing backwards and forwards, and all sorts of delightful things. And what splendid cake he keeps in that dark cupboard of his, and what orange wine!

He is such a capital uncle, too, for telling stories. He is in the middle of one now, about an elephant which used to act as nurse to a little Indian child. And Uncle Tom assures the children that the story is a true one.

This elephant used to watch by the baby's cradle, and drive away the flies with his trunk. When the baby cried he would rock the cradle. And when the little child was old enough to crawl about, he used to be left in charge of it for hours, and he took care that it did not get into any danger, carried it gently in his trunk, and treated it with the utmost tenderness.

Wasn't he a dear old elephant? And wouldn't you like to go and pay a visit to Uncle Tom, and hear some of his stories?



UNCLE TOM.

MAKING BELIEVE.

DO you like making believe? Most children do. I dare say you often make believe to keep shop; or to be mamma, going out for a walk, or something of the kind. Little Jocelin is very fond of playing at this, too. Now he is making believe to be Nurse. He has taken little Cissy on his knees and is pretending to put her to sleep. But Cissy is very wide awake indeed, and looks up at him in great wonder. She is sure there must be a joke in the matter, only she can't see it just yet. She is putting up her little hand to give brother Jos's hair a good pull. Perhaps, after that, he will explain matters.

And now Jocelin is making believe to be mamma. He

is making papa's breakfast, just as mamma does—only, of course, not half so nicely—for nobody can do anything quite as well as mamma. He lifts up the teapot very carefully, and is most particular about putting the sugar and milk into papa's cup. Then he asks Mary very gravely, to "fill up the pot, please." And papa smiles and says Jos is a very good make-believe mamma indeed. Jocelin is pleased to see papa smile, because he looked so sad when he came down this morning. He always looks sad when dear mamma has one of her bad headaches. And Jocelin is glad that he is able to cheer him a little.

SYMPATHY.

AMY was playing one day in the square with her cousins, Louie and Cecil. They had had a splendid romp—they had been running races; Louie skipping, Amy hopping on one leg, and Cecil bowling his hoop with the left hand, to make things fair. They were all laughing and making a great noise, when Amy suddenly said, "Hush!" "What is it?" asked Louie. "There are Mrs. Hewitt and little Theo. Don't make a noise; wait till they have passed." As she spoke a lady and little girl in deepest mourning went by. "Poor Theo," said Cecil, glancing kindly towards the little girl; "what a dreadful thing it must be for one's papa to die! How sad she must be!" "Why don't you ask her to come and play with you?" said Louie, "perhaps it might cheer her up a little." "Oh, no," returned Amy, speaking softly, "she told me herself the other day that she could never play or be a little girl again, for she must be a grown-up man now, and take care of her poor mamma, as her papa used to do." After this the children did not seem to care for romping any more, but walked quietly about the square talking very seriously.

SYMPATHY.

THE CHRISTENING.

IT is a beautiful afternoon, and mamma and baby are sitting out in the garden under the oak, while the rest of the children are playing about on the lawn.

Baby was christened this morning, and papa is looking over his shoulder at his boy, and asking Master Charlie how he likes his new name. For you know it is when they are christened that babies have their names given to them.

Mamma looks very thoughtful. She is, I am sure, thinking about the solemn words that she has just heard in church, and she is praying that her dear little boy may indeed be a faithful servant and soldier of Christ. That is what has been promised for him to-day.

That was promised for you too, though, of course, you do not remember it, because you were only a little baby—six long years ago. Your mamma and papa took you to church and gave you to God, long before you could speak or think. What a happy thing to think that you have always been one of Christ's dear little lambs; and how thankful you ought to be that you were not born a little heathen child, with no one to teach you what is right!

THE CHRISTENING.

THE WET DAY.

IT is a wet day, and neither Lily nor her mamma can go out. Mamma has been very busy all the afternoon with her wool work. You see she has a large piece fixed in the frame. She is making a banner-screen for grandmamma's birthday. But Lily finds a wet day extremely dull. Unfortunately she cannot read yet, or she would have no difficulty in amusing herself. Mamma gave her some canvas and wools a little while ago and she began working a kettle-holder, but as the needle would keep coming unthreaded, she soon tired of that. She has dressed and undressed her doll so many times, that dolly, at least, must be fatigued. But now a bright idea has struck Lily. "Mamma, I want you to do something *very* nice for me; will you?" "What is it, Lily?" "Will you sing to me a little? I am sure you can't see to work any more now. Can you, dear mamma?" Mamma laughs. "One word for each of us. Eh, Lily?" But she puts away her work and goes to the piano, while Lily climbs on a chair to open it. "What is it to be, little woman?" "My favourite song, mamma; *you* know."

Would you like to hear Lily's favourite?

THE WET DAY.

CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

Tempo di Marcia.

A war-rior bold is my brave bro-ther Hal, A sword and a gun has

he; And he says, when he is ten years old, He'll be chief of the Bri-tish ar

p *f*

- my. Now he's fight-ing the bat-tles of slate and pen, Gi-ants, grammar and his-to -

f

- ry, But he'll soon con-quer them, and then He'll be chief of the British ar-my.

ff

"CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY."

GATHERING SNAILS.

IT is quite early morning, and Marie—that is the name of the French girl in the picture—has come out into the garden to gather something very nice to make a savoury little dish for her sick father. You see the garden is very stiffly laid out with trees in straight rows. Not much like an English garden of our day. Marie has a basket on her arm. What do you think she is going to collect? "Roses?" "No; for it is something to eat." "Apples or plums, perhaps?" "No. Snails." "But do people eat snails?" you ask. Yes, indeed, they do. Not English people; but in France they are thought extremely nice. They are made into patties sometimes; and snail soup is considered a very good thing for invalids. Perhaps you will say, "Well, I'm sure I do not want to go to a place where people eat such nasty things." But this is a mistake, dear. It is quite right to be contented with what we have; but we must never fancy that all we do is right and proper, and that everything which differs from our ideas must be wrong and horrible. Perhaps you might like snail soup very much, you know, if you tried it.

GATHERING SNAILS.

THE PEDLAR.

THIS man is a pedlar. He travels all over the country, from village to village, with his box full of all sorts of useful and pretty things, which he sells. In many places there are no shops where you can buy everything that you want. So country folks look out eagerly for the pedlar, and save up all their money for the time when he shall come round. He is in a Welsh village now. You can see that by the funny tall hat the old woman has on her head; for it is only in Wales that these strange hats are worn.

This little village is a long way from any town, and there are no shops in it; so the people are very glad to see the pedlar, and hear all the news from him.

"Have you brought me the stuff for my winter dress?" asks grandmamma.

"Here is something you will like, I am sure, m'am," says the pedlar. Papa is looking out for the new book he has ordered. Mary wants a pair of scissors. Annie has saved up her pennies for a new doll which she hopes Mr. Pedlar has brought her, and Evan, the gardener, is asking the price of a good big knife. I dare say the pedlar can supply them all.

THE PEDLAR.

BABY BROTHER.

THE little ones have come to say good-night to mamma in her dressing-room. Baby is on mamma's lap. He is having a ride to Banbury Cross, and is holding mamma's pretty, long hair for reins. "Not too hard, baby love. Don't pull all poor mamma's hair out."

Poppy would like very much to have a ride, too. She looks wistfully up into her mother's face. "Now me, mamma. Now my turn," she says. But mamma tells her that she is getting a big girl now, and must learn to give way to others. Little girls cannot have everything they want at the moment, Poppy. It is rather a hard lesson to learn, to be sure; but one which has to be learned by everybody, sooner or later. So run away and amuse yourself for a little while, Poppy. Don't tease dear mamma. If you pout and look sulky, mamma will not play with you at all. But if you are a good little girl, mamma will give you a ride presently, when Nurse comes for baby. But you must not be jealous. Do you know there was once a little girl who was so jealous of her baby brother that she turned quite green. You would not like to be green, would you?

BABY BROTHER.

THE WOUNDED BIRD.

ROSE was strolling about the fields one afternoon with her brother George, when she saw a little bird lying on the ground. She thought at first that he was dead; but when she came close to him she found that his bright little eyes were wide open. She took him up in her hands and stroked him very gently, but birdie did not seem to like that at all. He twittered and fluttered in great distress. "Do look, George, at this darling little bird," Rose said, running to her brother. "But I am afraid it is ill. What can be the matter with it?" "It must be injured, or it would not have been lying there," said George. "Let me see." He examined it, and soon found that one of its legs was broken. "It must have fallen out of the nest," he said. "We will take it home, and see what we can do for it." George was very clever in such matters. He bound up poor little Dickie's leg in the neatest way, and Rose put him in a cage, and watched him getting well again with great interest. It was a little linnet, and soon became very tame. In a very short time he would perch upon Rose's finger and sing quite fearlessly.

THE WOUNDED BIRD.

HARRY AND LOTTY.

HARRY and Lotty were the farmer's children. They lived half a mile from the town, but they went there to school every day. It was a pleasant walk down the lane, and through the meadow by the pond. I hardly know whether they liked it best in summer or in winter. I think, perhaps they thought it the greatest fun in winter, when the snow was on the ground and the pond frozen. They used to pretend that they were travellers exploring some new country, and would sprinkle holly leaves on the road so that they might find their way back again. And when the ice was hard they used to go across the pond instead of round it. But their mother was very much afraid of their doing this for fear of any accident happening. "Don't go across the pond to-day, children," she said one morning as she kissed them and sent them off. "It's beginning to thaw."

"All right, mother," said Harry, rather crossly, for he did not believe that it was thawing, and he liked that slide across the pond very much. When they came to it the ice looked perfectly firm and hard.

"There," he said to his sister, "I knew it was only mother's fancy. Come along, it's quite safe." "But

HARRY AND LOTTY.

you promised mother," said Lotty. "No, I didn't. I only said 'All right!' and it *is* all right," returned Harry.

"I didn't say anything, so I can go if I like," said Lotty.

And, unfortunately, Lotty *did* like!

* * * * * *

Can you think what this picture is, children? It is the picture of a poor little girl who has been taken out of a pond, half-drowned and half-frozen; a poor miserable little girl who did as she liked; not as she knew her mother wished. She is being taken to the hospital by a kind workman, who heard her screams and her brother's cries for help. At the risk of his own life he plunged into the water to save the little struggling child, and now he is carrying her into the hospital, while Harry goes home to tell the tale of his disobedience and its consequences. Are you not very sorry for him. I think his punishment is even greater than Lotty's, because he will see the sad grieved look of his mother's face as he tells her. I think it will be a lesson to him for all his life.

HARRY AND LOTTY.

STAR CATCHING.—I.

"IF you please, ma'am, is Miss Ursula here?" asked Nurse one evening coming into the drawing-room where mamma was sitting. "No, Nurse. I sent her up to bed an hour ago." "Yes, ma'am, and just now she was in the nursery, but she ran out, and I can't find her anywhere. Tiresome child!" said Nurse, who was beginning to be rather cross. Mamma dropped her knitting. "Dear me, I hope she has not got into any mischief." Mamma left her work and joined Nurse in a hunt after the little missing girl. They looked all over the house, and peeped out of the garden door. They called, and then called louder; but no Ursula appeared. Nurse felt sure that Ursula was playing some trick. I must tell you she was rather a self-willed, spoiled child. But mamma was really quite frightened. Just then papa, who had been out, smoking a cigar, came in. "We can't find Ursy anywhere," said mamma. "Can't find her!" echoed papa. "Oh, the monkey, she's hiding somewhere, I expect." "Naughty child!" observed Nurse, who was evidently not fond of hide and seek. "I'll undertake to find her in five minutes," said papa, thinking himself very clever.

STAR CATCHING.

STAR CATCHING.—II.

AND so he was. Though I don't think he found her *quite* in five minutes. He went up and down all over the house searching, as mamma and Nurse had done, and whistling in a peculiar way which Ursy knew very well was a call for her. At last he heard a little voice answering him, "Oh, do wait a minute, papa! I am so busy." The voice came from the outside somewhere, as it seemed, at the top of the house. He put his head out of a window, and there, to his surprise, was Ursy standing on the edge of the roof waving a big broom solemnly in the air. "What are you doing, child? Take care. Come in directly," said papa, half-frightened, and yet half-laughing at the comical little figure. Ursula turned to him with the tears in her eyes, "Papa, I *did* so want the pretty stars to play with." "My dear child," said papa, "there are many things people want, which they have to do without. You cannot have all your own way in this world, little woman. If you have learnt this lesson to-night it will be a very good night for you. But come in now, at once; or you will be catching cold instead of catching stars." And very glad they were when they had her, safe, in the room again, for she might have fallen into the street and been killed.

STAR CATCHING.

LIZZIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

IT is Lizzie's birthday, and mamma has given her permission to have her cousins to tea. She has been very busy all day getting out her toys—her tea-things, Noah's ark, donkey, battledore, and dolls—everything she can think of, which will be likely to amuse her guests. They have now just arrived, and Lizzie is doing her best to entertain them. That is Lizzie on the floor making tea with her cousin Dora. It is only make-believe tea, of course, but they have real sugar in the basin, and Lizzie means to offer a cup to each of her friends, as the lady of the house should do. She has lent her new doll to Carry, who is older than any of the others. Dolly is such a beauty, with long clothes and blue eyes, that she would be afraid to trust one of the little ones with her. Flo is very much amused with the scrap-book, which she is showing to her brother Eddie. But he is rather young for parties, and is apt to be shy at first. Nelly is a little shy too, but that will soon wear off when they have had a game at hunt the slipper, which Lizzie is going to propose, because she thinks they will all enjoy that, and she is most anxious to make her friends happy.

FIRST'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

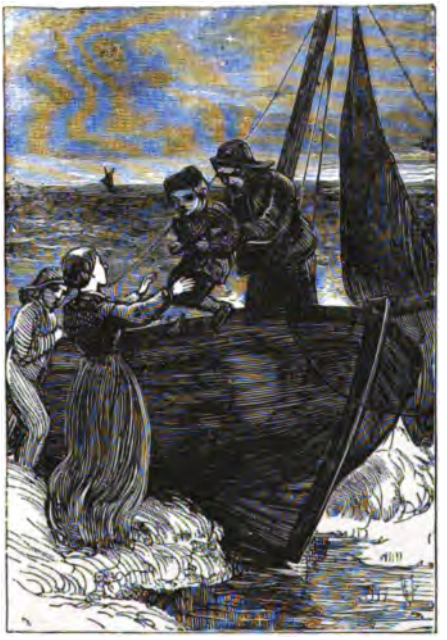
GOING TO THE SEASIDE.

GOING off to the seaside! Oh! what fun it is! Did you ever go? If so, you know all about it. Reggie has never seen the sea, and cannot imagine what it is like: but he is in a great state of excitement. He has been packing up for the last week. He wanted to take his rocking-horse and all his toys with him, and was sadly vexed when Nurse told him he could not do so. Then he chose out a few favourites, and spent one whole day in tying up various playthings in huge brown paper parcels. A fresh disappointment awaited him, when, on the morning of departure, mamma told him that they could not find room for these in the trunks. However, there was so much that was amusing and exciting going on, on that day; that Reggie had no time to brood over his troubles. Only when the last load of luggage was being wheeled away in a barrow by the gardener—for the railway station was close to the house—Reggie remembered his rocking-horse. "Oh! papa, do let me take that," he said. "There is plenty of room on the barrow. I do so want to ride it on the sea." Wasn't Reggie a silly boy! "You shall have a rocking boat instead," said papa, smiling.

GOING TO THE SEASIDE.

AT THE SEASIDE.

IF you have ever been to the seaside you know quite well what Reggie's papa meant by a rocking boat. Indeed, the first time that Reggie tried it, he thought it rocked rather too much, and was a little frightened. But very soon there was nothing he enjoyed better than a sail with the fresh wind blowing in his face and the spray dancing over him. He made great friends with an old sailor called David, who would sometimes take him out in his boat, without papa or anyone with him, and then Reggie felt quite a man. Here he is just coming home, and he is leaping from old David's arms into Nurse's as she stands waiting for him on the shore.



"One! two! three! There you are, little master, safe

and sound," says old David. Reggie thinks he never had such fun before. But perhaps you are not very fond of boating. Some little girls are not. But I am sure you like digging in the sand, don't you? I dare say you have a spade and a pail, and often pile up a heap of sand, and then make a tunnel through it, and perhaps a trench down to the sea, so that the waves may flow gently in. Even papa takes great interest in the work, and tells you which is the best way to dig your trench so as to get the water in. And when the tide comes up you stand a little way off and watch how one wave catches your sand castle, and how it tries to resist; and then how the next wave comes, and the next and the next. And so in time the poor castle vanishes quite away.

PAPA TO TEA IN THE NURSERY.

NELLIE has a cold and cannot leave the nursery, but papa comes to give her a kiss every day before he goes into the City. "Oh, what nice toast!" said papa one morning. "I wish you would ask me to tea with you, Nellie, and give me some toast like that." "What fun it would be! Do come, papa! How shall I ask you—what shall I say?" "You must say, 'Miss Nellie requests the pleasure of papa's company to tea and toast.' Don't forget the toast, mind." "Very well, that is what I do say, papa," returned Nellie. "Then, 'Mr. Papa presents his compliments, and will have much pleasure in accepting Miss Nellie's kind invitation,'" said papa. "Come this afternoon, won't you, papa?" Papa thought a minute. "Let me see. To-day is Saturday. I think I must go volunteering this afternoon, little lady." Nellie clapped her hands. "Oh splendid!" she cried. "Then you can come in your uniform. I love you so much in your uniform, papa." "Do you?" said papa, laughing. "Well, if a gallant soldier comes to tea with you I shall expect you will make a very great fuss with him." "Oh, of course I will, and make his tea myself—and put heaps of sugar in it." "All right," said papa. So papa came dressed in all the glory of his

uniform, and what fun it was. Nellie poured out the tea; and what a number of cups papa did drink, to be sure, and how difficult he was to satisfy in the matter of sugar and milk. And what a number of pieces of toast he ate! "See what it is to invite a hungry warrior. Bring some more, Nurse, if you please," he kept on saying, till Nurse looked quite frightened. "I am not asked out to tea every day, you know," said papa. And Nellie laughed, and papa laughed, and they were as merry as two little birds on a bough.

WAITING FOR THE CHILDREN.

THIS is Mrs. Burley, the miller's wife. She has come to meet her children on their way home from school. They are rather later than usual, and she is a little anxious about them; for though she trusts them to go to and from school alone, she always forbids them to loiter by the way, or to stay playing about with the village children. She has strolled down the garden and through the corn-field, and now she will be able to see the little girls as soon as they turn out of the village. Ah! there they are. She lets her knitting drop, and watches them. They do not see her at first. Then all at once there is an outcry—a scamper—a race. "Are we not late, dear mother?" says Kate, breathless. "Did you think we were kept in? But it is not that at all. Annie is top of the class, and is made monitress, and so we have to wait, and to put away the books. Isn't it nice?" The mother smiles and kisses them. "And where are you in your class, idle Kitty?" "Oh! nowhere in particular, mother; Annie is clever enough for us both. Don't you think so?" The mother tries to look disapproving, but she cannot manage it. Laughing and chatting, they turn homewards, mother in the middle, and a little daughter hanging on each of her arms.

WAITING FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE HOSPITAL TREAT.

DO you know what a hospital is? It is a place where poor people go when they are ill, and there they are nursed and taken care of, better than they could be in their own small uncomfortable homes. All these poor old women are ill—too ill to leave their beds, you see.

But what are these young ladies doing here? They have come to try and cheer these poor sufferers with their bright presence and pleasant words. They are making tea for them now. It is Christmas Day, a day when everyone ought to be glad and happy; and these kind girls are doing all that they can to make it a bright one to the invalids who have so little pleasure in their lives. Perhaps each of these girls felt it to be rather a sacrifice to leave her own cheerful home and merry Christmas gathering, to come among all these sick people; but I am sure they are all rewarded for the exertion by the looks of gratitude and pleasure which they see on the pale faces around them.

And they are, after all, much happier than if they had thought only of pleasing themselves. There is no happiness in the world so great as that of making other people happy.

THE HOSPITAL TREAT.

FARMER HALES.

WHEN I was a child, Farmer Hales was a great friend of mine. He was the kindest and gentlest old man possible, and there was nothing I enjoyed more than paying him a visit. We always found him sitting in his high wooden chair, reading the Bible; but when we came he would put that gently aside, and take off his spectacles. Then, with his hands clasped before him, and pussy purring at his knees, he would settle down to tell us a story.

What we liked best was to hear of what "used to be" when he was young. Of course that was a long time ago—long before railways, or steamboats, or gas, and many other things which we think quite natural and necessary, were invented. People travelled then in stage-coaches, and many a tale had Farmer Hales to tell of these coaches overturned, or buried in the snow, or stopped by highwaymen.

The good farmer had been a soldier, too, in his youth, and had fought at the great Battle of Waterloo, where the English beat the French. I think we liked that story the best of all, and, perhaps, so did the farmer himself, for he certainly told it to us the oftenest.

FARMER HALES.

THE RACE.

THIS is a little Norwegian girl called Frida. She and her dog are going to have a race. Which do you think will win? I rather think that Bruno the dog will. You see he has four legs, whereas poor Frida has only two. So it is hardly fair to expect her to go as fast as he can.

Frida's nurse is going to throw the ball, and both the little girl and the dog are waiting anxiously for the word to start. Bruno has one paw in the air all ready, and capital fun it will be. You see the snow is lying white on the ground, but Frida does not mind the cold. She is well wrapped up, and she is going to have a good run, which will be sure to warm her. Besides, people in Norway think nothing of a little bit of snow. The cold there is sometimes very severe indeed; and people have to take care that their noses do not freeze.

Sometimes a person meeting a friend will take up a handful of snow and rub his friend's nose, instead of shaking hands. "Excuse me, my dear sir, your nose was freezing," he will say, and will then go on talking. Are you not rather glad that Mr. Jack Frost does not nip our noses in that way?

THE RACE.

A STORY BY FIRELIGHT.—I.

HARRY has come in from snow-balling, and finds Maggie seated in a big arm-chair by the fire. "What are you doing?" he asks.

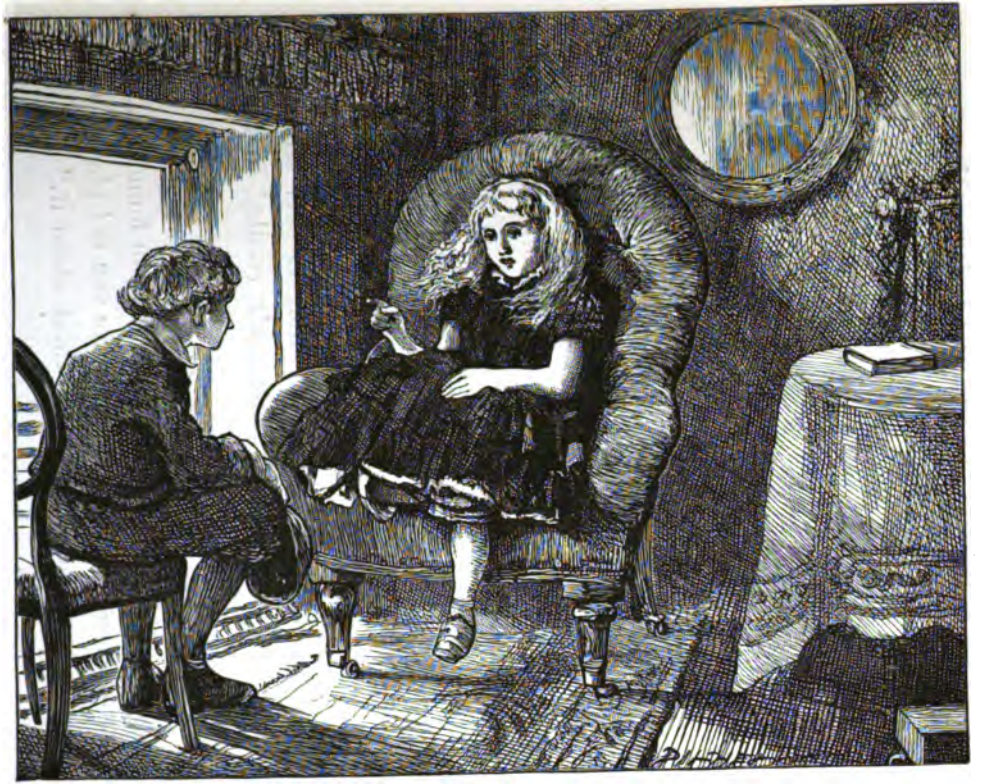
"Thinking stories."

"I wish you would *speak* them instead," returns Harry.

So Maggie begins. "Sitting here so cosily by the fire while it is snowing so fast outside, somehow reminds me of a story uncle James once told us of a little girl who was nearly lost in the snow."

"How was that?" asks Harry.

"She was a little French girl, called Jeannette, who lived with her mother and little sister in a lonely cottage. One snowy day poor little Bébé fell down and broke her arm. 'Let me go for the doctor, dear mother,' said Jeannette. 'My child, it is four miles to the village, and the snow is deep. Thou wilt be lost, I fear.' 'No, no, little mother; I can find the way, and thou canst not leave our poor Bébé,' pleaded Jeannette. And so, with many directions and cautions, she at length set out on her long walk. Safely and quickly she accomplished her task and delivered her message. The good doctor at once mounted his pony, and Jeannette started on her journey back again.



A STORY BY FIRELIGHT.

A STORY BY FIRELIGHT.—II.

"ALAS! for poor Jeannette. The snow came on thicker, and faster, the farther she went. The daylight faded—she could no longer find her way. After wandering about for a long time, she was at length overcome by fatigue and cold, and, lying down in the snow, she fell fast asleep.

"She did not know that she had chosen the frozen mill-stream for a bed, and that it was the huge mill-wheel under the shadow of which she had crept. Had the ice melted, she must certainly have been drowned. Fortunately, the miller's wife came out to fetch some faggots for the wood fire, and saw something lying dark on the snow. To her surprise and horror, she found it was a little girl half frozen to death.

"The kind care of this good woman quickly restored the brave little girl; but the villagers ever afterwards called the mill-stream 'Jeannette's cradle,' in remembrance of her adventure."

"Thank you, Maggie," said Harry when his sister stopped. "I am so glad the old woman found her, and that she was not quite frozen. Are you not glad? Dear me, it makes one quite cold to think about it."

A STORY BY FIRELIGHT.

JENNY'S PENNY.

JENNY'S mamma used to give her a penny every Saturday morning when she had done her lessons very nicely all the week. If she had any bad marks she did not get her penny; but, as a rule, Jenny was a good little girl, and did not often lose her reward.

The great question was how to dispose of the money. Sometimes she saved it up for several weeks, until it became quite a large sum, and then she would buy a new toy or some furniture for her doll's house.

One day in spring Jenny was walking with her papa and mamma, and they passed a poor man with a bunch of flowers in his hand. He was thinly clad, and looked hungry and cold, for the weather, although it was spring, was windy and bleak. Jenny had her penny in her hand. She was going to give herself a little treat this week and buy some sweets, but when she saw the poor man and the pretty spring flowers, she said to herself, "I am sure that poor man would be glad of my penny, he looks so cold and hungry; and I think mamma would like the flowers, so I will just buy them instead of the sweets, and then I shall be able to give pleasure to two people instead of only one."

JENNY'S PENNY. G

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

MR. MORLEY is sitting in the old churchyard by the grave of his little girl. It is years and years ago since she was taken from him, but he still pays many a visit to that quiet spot, where the rose and sweet clematis twine together and scent the summer air. He is thinking fondly of the little one dead so long ago.

"If my child had lived she would have been almost a woman now. How strange it seems," he says softly to himself as he reads the inscription before him—her name, "Leila Morley," and her age, "three." As he looks and remembers all her pretty baby ways, his eyes grow dim with unshed tears. Then he rouses himself; he turns from the green earth below to the bright sky above him, and the sad look passes away from his face. "My Father, not my will, but Thine be done," he murmurs.

And so, looking upward through the mist of his tears, he seems to see the little child-angel at the gate of heaven, her garments shining and her face all smiles. Never again to be sorry or sad, naughty or in pain; she stands there radiant in happiness, her little arms outstretched, just as she used to hold them to her father long ago. And as he sees her he too smiles, for he knows she is waiting there for him.

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

KING BABY.

'I am monarch of all I survey,'
  And subjects I have great and small,
My will they are bound to obey,
  For I am the darling of all.

By smiles and caresses I reign,
  By a tear I can quell and subdue,
And when I would make friends again
  I need but to say "something new."

YES, that is our baby! Doesn't he look like a little king sitting on his throne with a sceptre in his hand? Papa is going to take his photograph. Mind you don't move, Charley, or else the sun will never be able to take your likeness properly. Do you know that when you are photographed it is the sun which takes your portrait? We want to have a good—a very good likeness of our baby, that we may send it to Aunt Louie in America. She is his godmother, and she has never seen him yet. She does not know what a beauty he is. We are all so fond of him. He is such a good baby, and he is beginning to talk so nicely.

KING BABY.

SPRING FLOWERS.

Brightly.

Who'll buy my flow-ers, my pret-ty spring flow-ers? Vio-lets sweet and

tu-lips gay, Who'll buy my flow-ers, my pret-ty spring flow-ers

Ga-ther'd all to-day? Who'll buy my flow-ers, my pret-ty spring

flow-ers? Who'll buy my flow-ers to-day?

AUNTIE'S BIRTHDAY.

AUNTIE'S BIRTHDAY.

IT is Auntie Alice's birthday, and her little nieces, Effie and Constance, have brought her some roses to deck her hair for the great occasion.

They both have little gardens of their own, which they water and rake with great care. In each is a rose-tree, and they have been anxiously watching the buds for some days past, being very much afraid that the roses would blow too soon, or not soon enough. But to their great delight this morning they found two beauties just open, and now they have brought them to dear Auntie with their birthday good wishes.

Mamma and papa have come, too, to wish her many happy returns of the day; and Effie has been telling Constance, as a great, great secret, that mamma has a lovely present for Auntie, because she is twenty-one to-day.

"Twenty-one! is she really? I wonder if grandmamma can be as old as that," Concy had remarked.

"I don't know." Effie was a year older than Concy, and so of course she knew a great deal more. Still she did not feel sure about that.

"We will ask her when we give her the roses," she said.

AUNTIE'S BIRTHDAY.

THE MONKS.

THESE strange figures are monks. You will see that they have bare feet, with sandals instead of shoes; a dress something like a dressing-gown with a hood, and a rope round their waists. I don't suppose you ever saw any men really dressed in this curious way; but if ever you go to foreign countries, you will, I dare say, see some of them.

They do not, however, go out very often. They have no nice homes, with a dear papa and mamma, and little children, and kind, useful servants. They live, a number of them together, in a big house called a monastery, and they spend all their time in reading and studying and going to church. Besides, they have to cook their own dinners, and scrub and wash, so that they are not idle.

But we should think it was a very dull life never to go out for a walk or see our friends. Often they have nice gardens, which they sow and plant and keep in order, and they make medicine out of some of the plants, which they give to the poor people when they are ill; and sometimes the children who live near go to the monastery to be taught reading and writing.

THE MONKS.

THE CONVENT SCHOOL.

THIS is a convent school in France, and these are little French children. Do you see what funny shoes they wear? They are made of wood, and are called *sabots*. They are rather clumsy, are they not? and not very comfortable, I should think.

The women in the curious dress who are teaching the children, are nuns. I have told you something about monks who live shut up in monasteries. Well, nuns are women who live much in the same way, shut up in houses called convents. They generally devote a great deal of their time to teaching poor little children, who, without them, would never learn to read and write.

The nuns are all called sisters. Sister Thérèse is hearing a class of little children say their spelling lesson. They are all standing in a row with their hands behind them, and are very good and attentive.

The little girl in front is only just learning her letters. I am afraid she is not looking much at her book, but Sister Marie is very patient with her, and is never tired of showing her which is big B and which is crooked S.

THE CONVENT SCHOOL.

THE STORM.

THERE has been a storm. Do you know what that is? Have you never lain in your warm, cozy bed and heard the wind howling and raging outside—beating against the house till it shook? And you have hidden your face beneath the clothes trembling, though you were safe and sheltered. Ah! child, only think what a storm must be to those at sea. "The wind and the waves roaring, and men's hearts failing them for fear!" It is over now. The waves are gentle and the wind still. But by the wreck on the beach there, we know that some have been in trouble through the wild night. And see how anxiously this fisherman's wife is looking out to sea. A sleepless, anxious night it has been to her, and with the first dawn of day she has mounted the cliff to look out for her husband's boat. She strains her eyes eagerly over the waters, half fearing, half hoping. All at once she gives a cry of delight. In the distance she sees the little boat making for shore. The sails are torn, it moves along like some poor bird with a broken wing; but there it is—in a very little while her husband will be with her. She will run down to the beach to welcome him. What a happy meeting that will be!

THE STORM.

THE DOLL'S HOUSE.

MARY and Zilda had a doll's house which they were very fond of. They took great pains to keep it in order. All the rooms were papered and carpeted, and every week they turned it out from top to bottom, brushed, scrubbed, and dusted it. There was a fireplace in each room, and there were pictures hanging on the walls, a chandelier in the drawing-room, and in the best bedroom a shower-bath and a real brush and comb on the dressing-table.

They had also a large family of dolls, which their cousins Emily and Rose helped them to dress. Emily was very clever at making hats—the tiniest little things you can imagine; but the great difficulty was to keep them on the dolls' heads. There was a mamma doll, and several little girls, all of different sizes, down to a baby in a cradle. She, unfortunately, was fixed in the cradle and wouldn't come out. They had also a nurse, a cook, and one little boy in red velvet, whose name was Peter.

Mary dressed Peter, and a great deal of trouble she had with him. Indeed, one of his legs came off in dressing; but as he never could have stood up properly without petticoats to support him, the little girls agreed that it looked better for him to be rather an invalid.

Zilda was very anxious to have a papa doll too, and made several attempts with one; but he was very troublesome, and was in the habit of losing both his arms and legs directly she attempted to dress him. This greatly interfered with his appearance, and with the

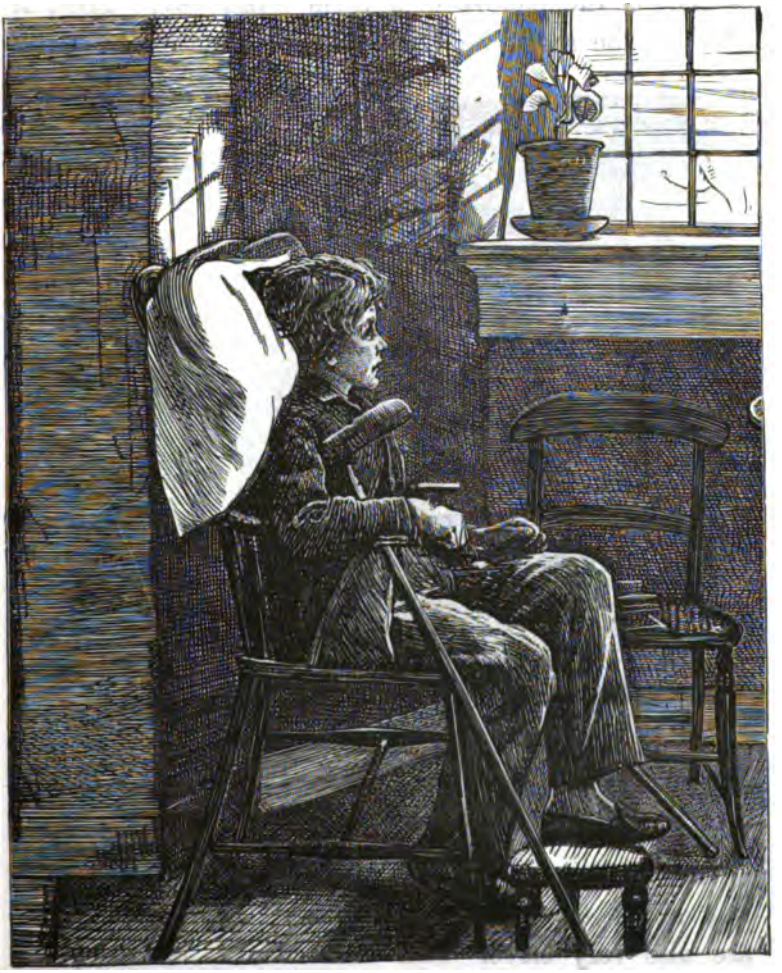
comfort of his family, for he was perpetually tumbling about and upsetting somebody.

So at last they had to give him up as a bad job. And they decided that he must be a soldier always with his regiment in India.

"And really he wasn't wanted," said Mary. "The ladies got on much better without him."

THE BOY WITH THE BROKEN LEG.

YOU will feel very sorry for this boy, I am sure, because you will see that he is ill, and by the crutch which he is holding, you will know that he is lame, and has probably met with some accident. Perhaps when you hear all about it you will not pity him quite so much: and yet I think you should really pity him the more; for when people do wrong and bring troubles on themselves, they always suffer very much. Well, this boy, Richard Drake, was bird-nesting, when he fell from a tree and broke his leg. This is an amusement which some boys delight in; but it is a cruel, bad amusement to rob the dear birds of the homes they have taken such pains and care to build, and it very often leads to trouble. Richard has been ill a long time, and may perhaps be lame all his life. He is very sorry now that he went bird-nesting, especially since he has been well enough to sit in his chair by the window and watch the birds flying about the branches of the big tree in the garden, and listen to their sweet music. They seem to Richard to come and sing their best songs to him, as if to say, "We are not angry with you, but only sorry for you, and we are sure you will not hurt us any more."



THE BOY WITH THE BROKEN LEG.

BLIND CHILDREN.

THIS is the picture of a little blind boy. Must it not be sad to be blind—never to see the beautiful sky and earth, the pretty flowers, and the dear faces of our friends? Yet blind people are, as a rule, very patient and happy. It is wonderful to see how much they are able to do. Just shut your eyes and try to walk to the door, and you will probably find yourself quite in the wrong place; but many blind persons find their way about as well as though they had sight. They are also very clever with their hands, and may be said to have ten eyes, for they seem to have an eye in

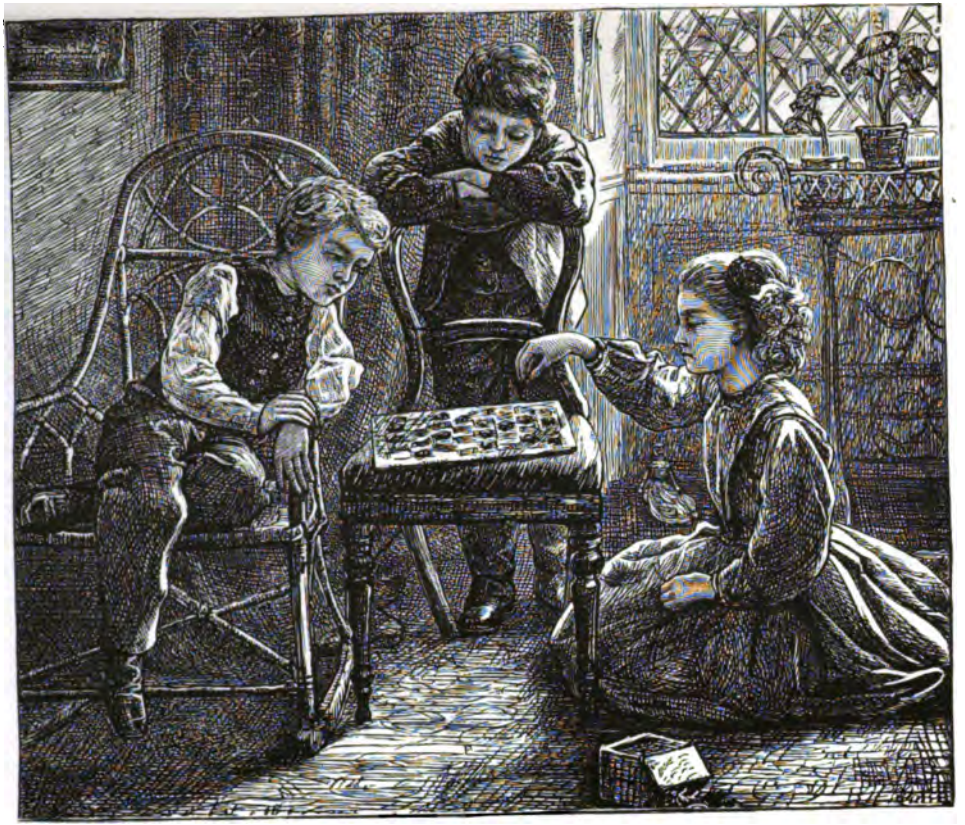
each of their fingers. They read with their fingers as well and as quickly as you could with your eyes. There are books printed on purpose for them, with the letters raised, so that they can feel each one. The girl in the picture is reading aloud, you see. Blind children are also taught to make baskets, mats, brushes, and all sorts of useful things! Still it is a sad affliction, and we who can see, ought to be very thankful for that great blessing.

PLAYING DRAUGHTS.

THIS brother and sister are playing draughts. Do you know what that is? It is a very interesting game, which is played with little round pieces of wood upon a black and white checked board.. The white men fight against the black men, like so many little soldiers, to see who can beat the other out of the field. It is difficult, because there are a great many rules to remember. And there is no good in playing a game at all unless one does it properly, is there?

Bessie is thinking very deeply of what her next move should be. She knows that if she plays carelessly she will lose. As it is, I fancy that Bob has the best chance, for he has been more careful all along.

But then when two people play a game, one must win and the other lose, or it would never be ended. I have seen little boys and girls who get quite cross when they lose; but that is very silly. I am sure Bessie will not be cross if she is beaten, but will be quite ready to try her chance again. I wonder if she will win or not. Tom is watching the players very intently. He knows what Bessie ought to do, but it would not be right to tell. It might spoil the game.



PLAYING DRAUGHTS.

ALFRED'S UNTRUTH.—I.

CHILDREN little know when they are naughty how unhappy they make those who love them.

This papa and mamma are very sad, for their little boy Alfred, whom they dearly love, has been very naughty to-day.

Generally when papa comes home, Alfred rushes to meet him in the hall with a shout of welcome, and there is a great game of horses, or some such fun before dinner. But to-night there is no little Alfred to be seen, and when papa asks for him, mamma is obliged to say, "He has been so naughty this afternoon that I have sent him to bed."

"What has he done?" asks papa.

"He has told a falsehood." And then papa looks very grieved too, for of all the faults that a little boy can commit that is the very worst. Even Prince, the dog, seems to know that something is unusually wrong this evening. He looks up wistfully into his master's face, as much as to say, "Isn't there anything I can do to help?"

You would not understand, poor Prince, even if we told you. But you miss your romp to-night just as much as Alfred and papa, don't you?

ALFRED'S UNTRUTH.

ALFRED'S UNTRUTH.—II.

PRESENTLY mamma goes up to see Alfred in his little bed, and she is rather grieved and surprised to find him fast asleep.

She fears that her boy is not sorry for his fault, and that he does not care. She sits down at the foot of the bed and thinks how dreadful it will be if her Alfred should grow up to be a bad, untruthful boy. She is so unhappy that she begins to cry.

In a little while Alfred is wakened by the sound of a low sobbing and breathing; and starting up, he sees his mother.

He is not quite so naughty as she feared. He does care, and is very sorry; and had, in reality, sobbed himself to sleep. He cannot bear to see his dear mamma in tears. He creeps quietly out of bed, and throws his arms round her neck.

"Darling mother, I am so sorry. I am indeed. Only forgive me, and I will never tell an untruth again," he cries. So his mamma is comforted. Taking him on her knee, she talks to him very kindly for a long while, and then he falls to sleep again, holding his dear mamma's hand clasped tightly in his.

ALFRED'S UNTRUTH.

ITALIAN FRUIT-SELLERS.

THESE gentlemen are in Italy. They have just landed from their ship, and all the people round them are poor Italians, who are come either to beg or to sell things to the travellers. Do you notice what funny caps the women wear? They look very picturesque with these white head-dresses and bright-coloured jackets and petticoats. One gentleman, you see, wants to buy some fruit. He is holding a shilling in his hand, and Beppo (that is the name of the boy with the basket) is going to give him some peaches in exchange for the shilling. Fruit in Italy is very fine, because the climate is so warm, and it is very cheap too; but you see Beppo does not wish to give more peaches for the shilling than he can help. He cannot speak English, and the gentleman cannot speak Italian, so they can only talk by signs. What a good thing it must be to be able to talk all sorts of foreign languages. When you are older, I hope you will learn French, and German, and Italian, and then you will always be able to make yourself understood wherever you go. You would find it very awkward if you were in a foreign country and could not make any one understand that you wanted your dinner or your tea: would you not?

ITALIAN FRUIT-SELLERS.

HYMN.

GOD of Mercy, God of Love,
Hear me from thy throne above;
Grant me quiet sleep to-night,
Resting on thine arm of might.

Why should I the darkness fear
When, dear Lord, thou art so near?
Thou art watching: so I may
Safely sleep till dawn of day.

Or if wakeful I should be,
Grant me holy thoughts of thee;
Let me feel how good thou art;
That will still my beating heart.

Weak and foolish tho' I am,
Thou dost love thy little lamb;
Thou wilt all my terror soothe,
And my troubled pillow smooth.

Great All-Father be my stay,
Every night and every day,
Till my little course is run,
Till th' eternal rest is won.

FOR HEAVEN

THE MOONLIGHT WALK.

ELMA NORTH has been to spend the day with her little friend Hetty; and as it is Hetty's birthday, Elma has been allowed to stay rather later than usual. It was half-past nine o'clock before nurse came to fetch her; and as Elma generally goes to bed at seven, she thinks this a great treat. They will not take five minutes going home. They have only to go across the road into their own garden, and up the avenue by the river side. It is a lovely summer night, and the moon is shining brightly. But Elma has never been out in the moonlight before, and she feels rather frightened. She clings close to nurse. "Oh, Dahdy, how strange, how white everything looks! Don't you think there are giants among the trees?" she whispers, for she is really afraid of speaking above her breath. Perhaps she thinks the giants may hear. "Nonsense, dear," says Dahdy, reassuringly. "There are no giants nowadays; and if there were, they would not come out in the moonlight. It is only the dear little fairies who used to do that. Giants, indeed!" she adds contemptuously, when they have left the avenue well behind them. "They are but timid creatures at best, and would be frightened at their own shadows!"

THE MOONLIGHT WALK. I

SKATING TO MARKET.

DO you remember seeing the skating last winter when the pond was frozen over? You thought it a very pretty sight, and enjoyed it extremely, I am sure, though Master Jack Frost kept on pinching your nose and fingers all the time. If you yourself had been able to skate, you would not have felt the cold, for the quick movement would have kept you warm.

Look at these women in the picture. They are skating away to market with heavy basketfuls of vegetables, butter, and cheese, on their heads. They do not feel the cold one bit. They go so fast that they seem almost to fly along the ice. They are Dutch women.

Holland is a country where there are a great many canals and very few roads. People there travel by water quite as much as by land. But during the winter the canals are frozen, and no boats can go; so the people then skate along the ice instead.

In all countries where the winter is long and severe, as in Russia, Norway, or America, people skate a great deal; and they also use carriages without wheels, which slip along the frozen ground very rapidly. These carriages are called sleighs.

SKATING TO MARKET.

THE BREAKING-UP.

IT was the day before the Christmas holidays, and Robbie was very busy packing up his clothes, or rather giving them to Smith, the school-maid, to pack for him. Dear me! what a number of things she managed to cram into that black-leather bag! How clever and good-natured she was, though she scolded and packed alternately!

"What, another pair of boots!" she exclaimed when the bag already seemed quite full. Yet she found room for them. And, "What! more waistcoats and caps—impossible! I've put in a dozen already." Yet in they went, in the neatest and most comfortable manner possible.

Smith was the kindest creature, though she did scold a little sometimes; and no wonder, for the boys teazed her very life out. But she was so fond of them all; and when any one of them was ill, nursed and watched him almost with the patience and devotion of a mother. The only thing that made her really angry was when they tore their clothes by climbing the trees. Fair wear and tear she did not mind, she would say, and socks *would* come into holes; but why young gentlemen should go clambering about trees, like so many apes, she could not understand,

Robbie was very fond of Smith, for she had been very kind to him on several occasions, and he was not an ungrateful child. Indeed, he possessed many good qualities; but he had one great fault about which I am going to tell you. He was a very greedy boy. On this day he was especially happy, not so much because lessons were over, or because his mamma was coming to fetch him on the morrow, but I am ashamed to say, because there was to be a great breaking-up supper this evening. He had written to tell his mamma about it, and she had sent him a hamper full of cakes, tarts, and all sorts of nice things. Numbers of the boys had hampers sent to them too, so you may imagine there was plenty of good cheer, and those who ate moderately,

like sensible little boys, enjoyed themselves very much.

But Robbie was determined to lose none of the dainties, and I will now tell you what he had for his supper.

Jam tarts to begin with. Then mince pies. Next plum cake, with almonds, and raisins, and oranges; then jam tarts again. So I don't think you will be surprised to hear that Robbie made himself ill.

The next day mamma came to fetch him home; but instead of seeing her boy watching for her at the window, or running to meet her, as she had expected, she found him lying in bed, sick and miserable, and scarcely able to speak or to welcome her. What a sad thing it is to be greedy!

However, Robbie was sorely punished for his fault. I could not count the number of nasty draughts and powders which he had to swallow. And though after some days he was well enough to return home, yet all the holidays, instead of enjoying cook's nice cakes and pies like his brothers and sisters, he was obliged to live upon mutton broth and rice pudding, which to a little boy who likes good things very much was a real trial. I don't think he will be greedy again, do you?

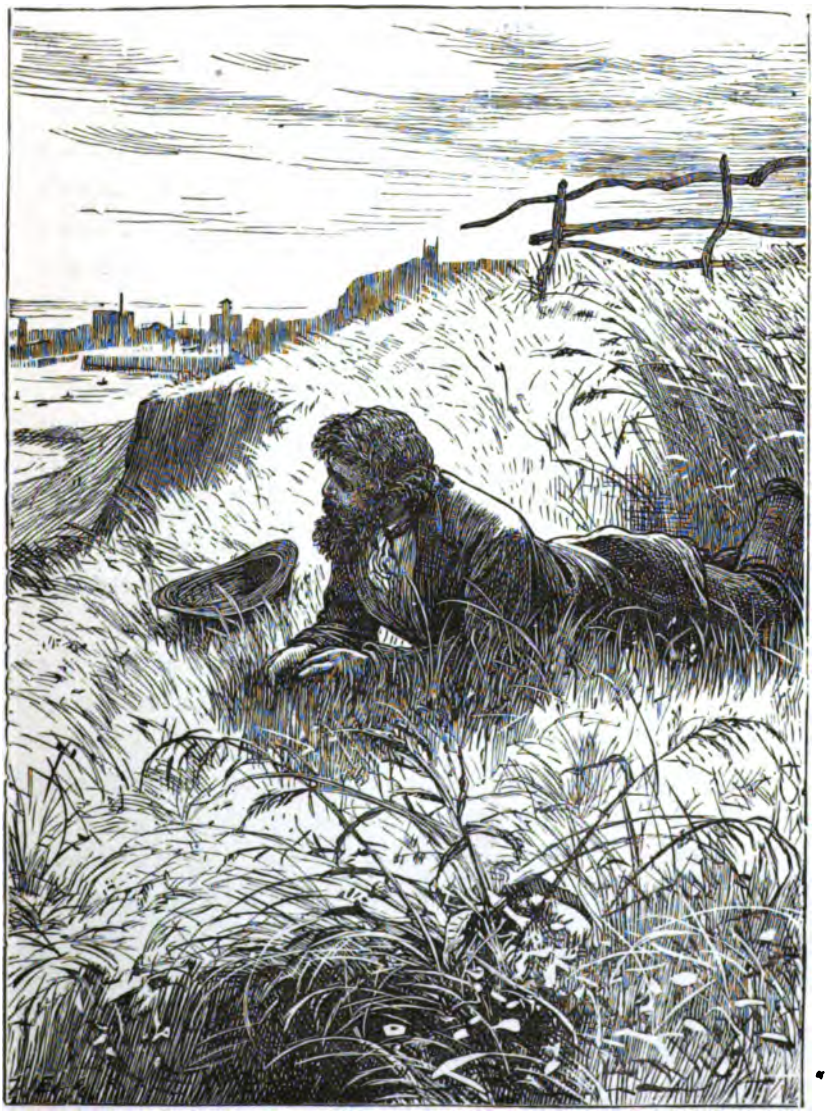
THE BREAKING-UP.

THE LARK.

HOW pleasant it is when the weather is so warm and dry that one can lie down on the grass without fear of taking cold! This gentleman is resting after his long walk; and as he lies there, he is listening to the sweet notes of the lark who is making rich melody far, far above in the blue sky—so far, indeed, that the little bird is quite out of sight.

Have you ever seen a lark soar up?

He makes his nest, not, like most birds, in the trees, but on the ground, among the long grass and corn. He builds it very carefully, and lines it with the finest dry grass he can find, so that it is soft and warm for his little ones. When he leaves the nest, he rises at once straight up into the air till almost out of sight, beginning at first to warble gently, and singing louder and louder the higher he goes, until he pours forth the music we can so often hear without being able to see the little singer, because he is so very far up in the sky. But however far away he may be, if his little wife calls to him from the nest, down he comes in a second from out of the clouds, to see if anything is the matter with her and the bird-babies, and to help her if she is in any trouble.



THE LARK.

THE GOVERNESS.—I.

EDITH WILMOT is going to be a governess. She is taking leave of the old nurse who has lived with her ever since she was a child, and she has this morning been saying good-bye to her flowers, and birds, and books, and all the things she is fond of, for she cannot take them with her.

"Good-bye, dear Miss Edith. Indeed I hope you will be happy," says nurse, with tears in her eyes. And then Edith steps into the cab which is waiting to take her to the railway station. Her aunt is going with her to see her off by the train, in which she will have a long, cold, lonely journey before she reaches her new home, where all will be quite strange to her.

Can you fancy such a thing as a *home* where she will have no papa or mamma, no brothers or sisters, no one to welcome her but strangers?

She will have three little pupils—Ada, Florence, and Eddie. I hope they will be good, obedient children; do not you? I am sure if they are, that Edith will love them very much, and do all she can to make them happy.

Would you like to hear what they think about their new governess, and how they get on with her? Turn over, and I will tell you.

THE GOVERNESS.

THE GOVERNESS.—II.

THE children were awaiting the arrival of their new governess with great anxiety. All day long they were fidgetty and unsettled, and as the time for her coming drew near, Ada stood for at least an hour at the school-room window, in hopes of catching a glimpse of her as the fly drew up to the door.

"I know she will be a horrid cross thing," she said, in a miserable and resigned way.

"How do you know?" asked Florence.

"Oh, I'm quite sure," returned Ada. And what could anybody say after that?

They had certainly formed very terrifying ideas about the new governess. They were convinced that she would be a staid, severe person, who would never let them laugh or make a noise; and perhaps she would make them lie flat on their backs every day after dinner. Nurse had said so.

They were, therefore, very much astonished when they did see Edith Wilmot, to find her a young, gentle, pretty creature, with a bright smile and a laughing eye, that seemed to say, "I can enjoy a little fun quite as well as you can." Perhaps it was this feeling of surprise

THE GOVERNESS.

which made them stare so very hard at her when they were first introduced. It is to be hoped so, at least.

Ada did shyly offer her hand without speaking, and then run away; but Florence retreated behind mamma and peeped, and Eddie, with his thumb in his mouth, stared from the other side of the room, which is a very rude thing to do, however shy one may be.

However, the shyness soon wore off. After tea Miss Wilmot proposed to have a game with the children, and when they found out that she did not think romping at all wicked, they became quite cheerful.

Indeed, Eddie so far recovered his spirits as to suddenly turn over and stand on his head. This was the way he always expressed his feelings when he was particularly pleased and happy.

As Miss Wilmot did not know this, she was at first rather frightened by his sudden movement, and really thought he had gone into a fit. In a moment, however, she began to laugh, and the little girls made haste to explain, for though they were ill-mannered, they were not really naughty children, and so the ice began to break.

Before very long Miss Wilmot and her little pupils grew very fond of one another.

Miss Wilmot was more than a governess to them. She

THE GOVERNESS.

was a dear friend, an elder sister, sharing their interests, their pleasures, and their troubles. Of course as they grew older they improved in many ways. Indeed, they could hardly help doing so under their new teacher's gentle influence.

They often amused themselves by telling her how much they had disliked her before she came.

"Ah, as the lamb said, it is a pity to have prejudices," she replied, laughingly, one day.

They were all sitting out in the orchard together. It was cool and shady there, though the sun beat fiercely on the lawn.

"What did the lamb say? Is it a story? oh do tell us," said Ada, putting her arm affectionately round Miss Wilmot's neck.

"Here is nurse coming to fetch you in to tea, I think," said Miss Wilmot.

"Oh, never mind for a few minutes. Do tell us, dear, while you think of it," pleaded Ada.

"Well, it will not take very long," said Miss Wilmot. "It is called the lamb's story, and he is supposed to be telling it himself."

THE GOVERNESS

THE LAMB'S STORY.

TOLD BY HIMSELF.

WHAT a very curious thing life is! (said the pet lamb one summer day, as he lay on the turf beside his little mistress, and listened to the splash plash of the fountain in the marble basin). What a curious thing life is, and what a pity it is to have prejudices! Perhaps you don't know what prejudices are. Well, if you will listen I will try to explain, by relating some of my adventures.

Ahem!

The first thing that I can distinctly recollect is lying by my mother's side in a field. I was then a very young lamb indeed, and knew little of the world. On the whole, I thought it a pleasant place; for there was plenty of grass in the meadow, a clear running stream at one end, and some large shady trees dotted here and there. I had nothing to do, but to frisk about with the other lambs, and to listen to the matronly conversation of the old sheep. They were very fond of giving us what they called good advice. On some subjects, of course, they were able to give us useful hints, but as I grew older and became wiser I found that they were one and all sadly prejudiced.

THE LAMB'S STORY.

THE LAMB'S STORY.—II.

YOU will understand what I mean when I tell you that one constant piece of advice was to have nothing to do with the creatures called men, women, and children. My mother, who on other subjects was a really well-informed sheep, used to assert that these human creatures were our most deadly enemies—treacherous and bloodthirsty. "Avoid them," she would say; "avoid them, my child, as you would—mint sauce." Now this was really quite a prejudice on her part. As for "mint sauce," whatever that may be, I have never happened to meet with it yet; and the experience of my life proves how mistaken she was as to human beings. I am now six months old, so I ought to know something about the matter. They have always been extremely kind and attentive to me; and, in fact, I may say that I think them more agreeable even than creatures of my own race. But the wise sayings of these old mothers of the flock certainly cast a gloom over my young life. Without understanding all their dark allusions, I took in a great deal of what was said, and suffered endless terrors in consequence whenever a human creature appeared in our field. I shall never forget the fright I felt when one day I

caught sight of one of these beings sitting gazing at me with fixed eyes from the other side of the brook. She was there when I woke from my usual mid-day nap. At first I was not quite sure, from her mane, whether she was a lion or a girl. Each idea was equally frightful. Anyway, I thought her extremely hideous. I rose in the greatest alarm, my limbs shaking like aspen leaves, and scampered after my mother, from whom I had strayed a short distance.

The creature spoke! I am sure now that she meant to be polite and friendly; but I was a great deal too much alarmed to wait and exchange civilities, even with a brook between us.

THE LAMB'S STORY.—III.

MY mother was very much affected when I told her of my adventure. "One of these days," she observed solemnly, "your rashness will lead you into mischief, my child."

Having escaped immediate peril, I was inclined to make light of her warning. She continued: "I have observed that from time to time lambs disappear from among us. It is my belief that they will never be seen again, except under cover."

Though I did not understand them, her words weighed upon my spirits. I was depressed and uneasy.

Imagine, then, my feelings when a day or two afterwards I woke and found myself actually in the grasp of my enemy. She held me on her lap with one hand, while another terrible creature of the same kind knelt at her side and made remarks upon me. I was almost dead with fright.

Of course I now know that these two were only my sweet little mistress Bertha and her friend May. But my early training had filled me with fears and, as I said before, prejudices; and at the time I really suffered more than I can tell you.

THE LAMB'S STORY.

THE LAMB'S STORY.—IV.

MY life for some time after this was a succession of surprises and new sensations. I was not, at once, entirely removed from my mother's care. But often Miss Bertha would send for me, or fetch me from the field, and keep me for some hours with her in the house or garden. I was decorated on these occasions with a blue ribbon, and overwhelmed with kindness and attention. The first time that I was carried off in this way, I was so dreadfully frightened that I can hardly remember what happened. I know, however, that I bleated piteously to my mother, who did not so much as put out a foot to help me. I was carried away half dead with alarm, fully expecting to meet my unknown enemy—"mint sauce"—by the way. Nothing, however, of the kind occurred. I was most hospitably treated, and soon returned to my sorrowing friends. They were all very much surprised to see me again, and ba-ad in a way that convinced me they rather regretted that their evil anticipations about me were not fulfilled. I think they were, in fact, rather jealous of the distinction shown me. Indeed, they need not

have envied me, had they known the sufferings which my new dignities cost me. However, in time I became more sensible. The foolish prejudices of my childhood faded from my mind. In fact, so completely did I overcome them, that when I saw my young friend Miss Bertha appear at the other end of the field, I would run towards her and take from her hand the chestnuts or the sugar which I knew she had brought me. Sometimes some of my young companions, encouraged by my boldness, would venture to accompany me in hope of receiving some of Miss Bertha's dainties; but, as a rule, their hearts failed them at the last, and they ran away. I was glad at any rate to see that Miss Bertha did not take so much notice of any of them as she did of me.

THE LAMB'S STORY.—V.

AS the spring grew into summer Bertha and her friend May used often to come and spend some hours out in the garden and field, reading, working, chatting, and making up bouquets of wild flowers. I used to get as close to them as I could, and listen to their conversation. By this time I was pretty well able to understand their language, and very much amused was I sometimes. One day, however, I observed that my friend Bertha looked unhappy. She walked across the field with May without taking the slightest notice of me. I was rather hurt by this neglect; but I felt anxious to know the cause of her grief. So I followed the two at a little distance. When

THE LAME'S STORY.

they reached the brook they stood on the bank talking, and I listened, hiding behind a tree, for I did not wish to appear intrusive. I soon discovered the cause of my little lady's trouble. There was to be a delightful picnic party that afternoon, but in consequence of some fault which she had committed (I could not quite understand what) her mamma had decided that she was not to go. May was to be there, and all her cousins were expected; and altogether it was a very great disappointment to Bertha. May said all she could to console her, but Bertha refused to be comforted. Her mamma's displeasure, and the thought of what her cousins would say, weighed upon her mind, and made her quite miserable. "Don't you think your mamma will forgive you, and let you go this once?" May asked; but Bertha shook her head despondently. "I am afraid not," she returned. "When mamma says a thing she generally means it; and of course it's all my own fault." At this point Bertha's grief broke out afresh. I was very anxious to know the end of all this, and kept close to the house all the afternoon, in hope of finding out what was going on. For some time I did not see Bertha, and so began to hope that her mamma had excused her fault and let her go to the picnic. I came upon her, however, quite suddenly just as I, with one or two companions, was nibbling a very

juicy tuft of grass at the foot of an old tree. Bertha was lying with her head on the soft turf, and was crying bitterly. I felt very sorry for her, and went to her directly. The other lambs ran away when they saw her, in their usual silly fashion. I crept close to her, pushed my nose into her hand, and said "Ba-a!" very gently. I am sure she quite understood me, for in a minute or two she looked up and threw her arms round my neck. "You dear, dear lamb," she cried; "you are the greatest pet that ever lived, and you shall be mine always." From that time we have been the closest friends and dearest companions.

The moral of my tale is: "Lambs, don't have prejudices; and don't believe in the existence of mint sauce."

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

ALL alone in the world! Yes, this is a poor young widow who has just lost her dear husband. She was very fond of him, and she is dreadfully unhappy. As she walks along she thinks, "What a miserable place the world is. I wish I had never been born. There is no one who cares what will become of me."

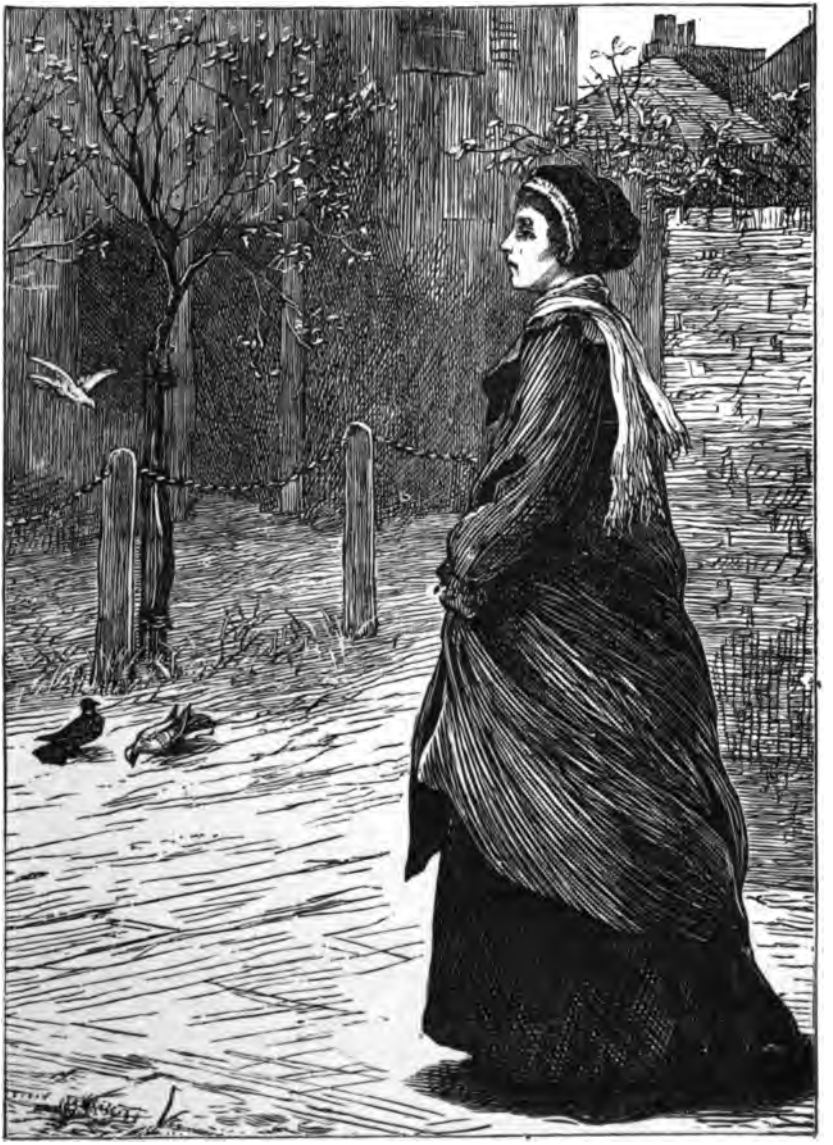
But just then some pigeons fly down, right in front of her. They flutter and make such a fuss that she cannot help seeing them.

"And who in the world cares for us?" they seem to say. "Why, God himself. He feeds and clothes us and takes care of us from day to day, and we are as contented and happy as possible. Why cannot you trust Him as we do?"

The poor widow watches them, and there comes into her mind a text which I daresay you know very well, about not one sparrow falling to the ground unknown to God or uncared for by Him.

As she walks on, the widow's heart feels comforted.

"If no one else cares for me, God cares," she says.



THE YOUNG WIDOW.

SLEEP, LITTLE BIRD.

Moderato.

p

Sleep, lit-tle bird, in your warm white nest, Close your blue eyes, o-pen'd wide; Time 'tis for ba-by to take her sweet rest, Mo-ther is watching be-side, Mo-ther, mo-ther, mother is watching be-side.

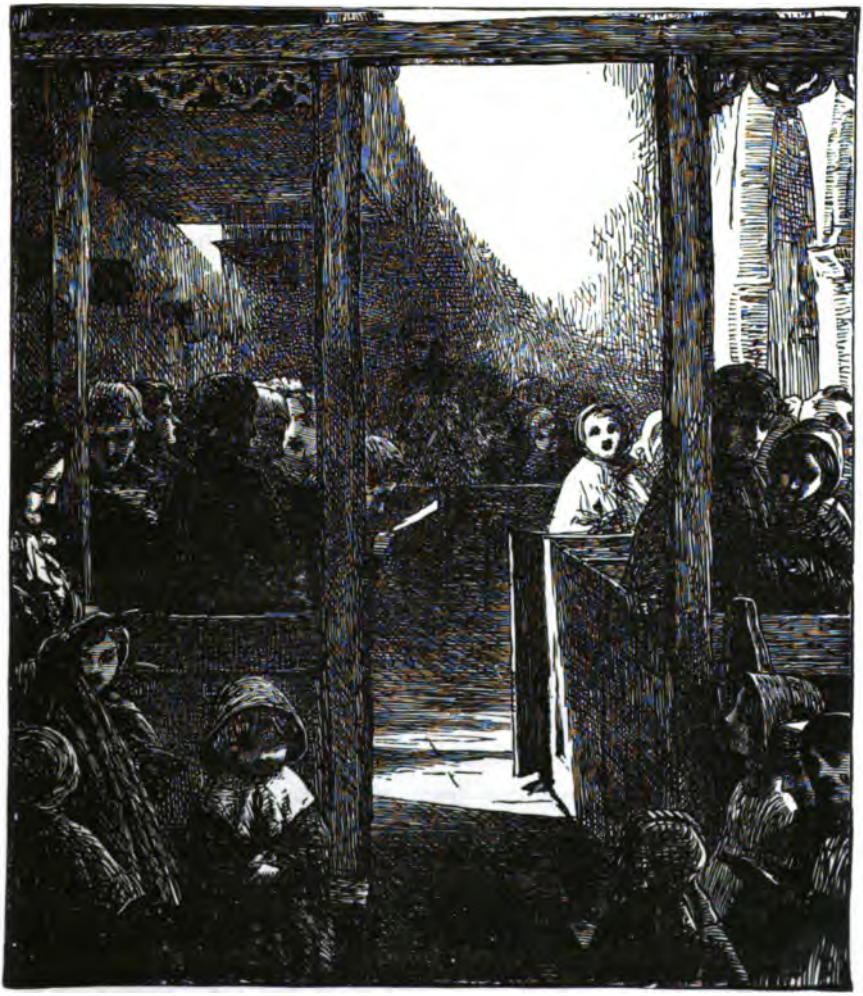
"SLEEP, LITTLE BIRD."

GOING TO CHURCH.

MABEL had never been to church; but her grandmamma and sisters went every Sunday, and Mabel was very anxious to go too. She often used to ask grandma to take her, but grandma always said, "You must wait until you can keep quite still for ten minutes." Mabel did not know when that would be.

But at last one Sunday afternoon grandma said that she might go with them. Mabel was much delighted to hear the organ when she went into church, and was very sorry when it left off playing. She wanted very much to ask grandma when it would begin again; but grandma had said she must on no account talk in church, so she kept quiet, and stood up and knelt down with the rest.

She was very pleased when everybody said "Our Father," because she knew that; but she got rather tired of the rest of the prayers, because she could not understand them. She liked the singing extremely, and was especially pleased when they began to sing her own hymn that she said every Sunday evening, "Glory to thee, my God, this night." She could sing that too, for she knew the tune. On the whole, grandma said that Mabel behaved very well.



GOING TO CHURCH.

ETHEL'S TALE.—I.

ETHEL has been ill. For many days she has had to lie in bed in a darkened room; but now she is much better, and is able to get out into the garden every day when it is fine. Each day she is a little stronger, and feels able to do a little more without being tired. At first she had to be carried down-stairs; now she can walk for a few minutes together, but she cannot run about yet, or play with her brothers and sisters, as she used to do. They are all having a romp on the lawn, and Ethel likes to watch them, and to hear their merry voices, though she cannot join them. She has been reading a story-book, and when they are all tired of play, they will come and sit round her on the grass, and she will tell them what she has been reading about.

Would you like to hear too?

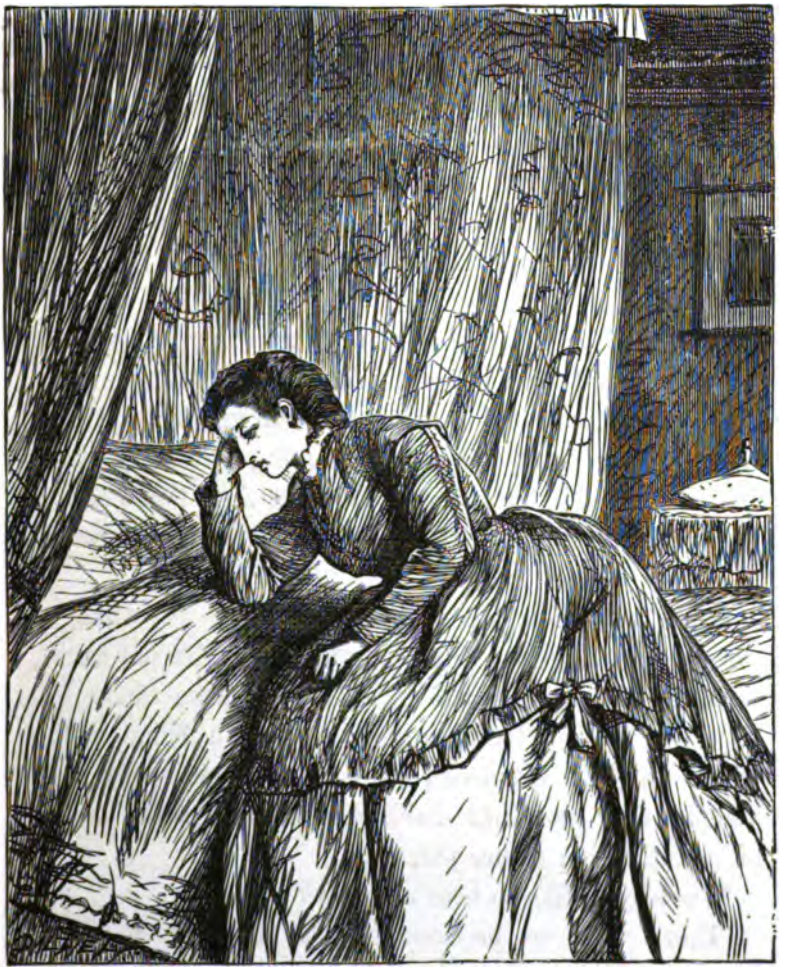
It was about a little girl who was stolen by the gipsies. Her name was Inez, and she was the only child of a rich nobleman. The gipsies are a set of people who wander from place to place, living in tents and waggons, and they are often very bad, dishonest people. This gentleman had annoyed them by sending one of them to prison for stealing his poultry, and by forbidding them to set up their tents on his ground.

ETHEL'S TALE.

ETHEL'S TALE.—II.

IN revenge, these wicked gipsies carried off poor Inez one day when she was out walking with her nurse. A man jumped over a hedge, caught her up in his arms, and ran away with her at the top of his speed. When nurse went home without her little charge, you can imagine the distress that her story caused. You can imagine how angry Inez's papa was—how bitterly her mamma cried. They offered large sums of money, and made every effort to hear what had become of their little daughter, but in vain; and at last they began to fear that they would never see their little girl again.

Evening after evening the poor mother would creep to the side of the little vacant bed where her child used to sleep, and cry, as she thought that now her Inez had no kind mamma to kiss her and say good night to her; that perhaps her darling was ill, or cruelly treated, with no one to love her or take her part. And, indeed, it was so. The gipsies at first tried to teach Inez to be a naughty girl—to tell falsehoods, and to steal; but she would not do these things, for she knew that they were wrong; and I think her mamma would have been comforted a little could she have known this.



ETHEL'S TALE.

ETHEL'S TALE.—III.

AFTER a time the gipsies gave Inez to an old man and woman, who seemed to take a fancy to her. But even they treated her very unkindly. She was a pretty, graceful child, and they thought she could gain money for them by dancing at the country fairs with a tambourine. Poor Inez did not like it at all; but she had to do it.

You will see the old woman is teaching her a new step, and if Inez does not learn it quickly she will have no dinner, and perhaps the old woman will beat her with the thick stick that is lying on the ground. It will not be by any means the first time that she has done so. And poor Inez dances with a very heavy heart.

Sometimes Inez was so miserable that she thought she would run away; but where to go she did not know, for she had forgotten the name of the place where her papa and mamma lived, and she had not a friend in the whole world. However, as it turned out, this very dancing that poor Inez disliked so much was the means of restoring her to her parents.

Would you like to hear about it?

There were to be some grand races at a neighbouring town, and as Inez had now learned several

ETHEL'S TALE.

new dances, the old man and woman hoped they would be able to take a great deal of money from all the people who would come from far and near to the races.

So they set off early one morning. But as the old folks walked but slowly, they did not reach the town till the visitors had begun to arrive.

They stopped for a while to watch the people. Inez was much amused and pleased at the gay sight, at the prancing horses, and richly-dressed ladies. Carriage after carriage rolled by.

At last, just as they were going to move on, a carriage approached which strangely attracted Inez.

It was a small phaeton, driven by a lady with a sweet sad face. By her side sat a gentleman, and in front scampered two pretty little dogs.

In a moment all the recollections of her early childhood flashed upon Inez. She was spell-bound!

And in the same strange way her appearance seemed to attract the lady. She pulled the ponies sharply up.

"The child! the child!" was all she said; but in another moment Inez was clasped in her parents' fond arms.

Do you think Ethel's tale was a pretty one?

ETHEL'S TALE.

LITTLE NANCY.

NANCY was a little girl who lived with her old grandfather and grandmother in a little cottage. She had no father or mother; but her grandparents had always been very good to her, and she loved them dearly They were very poor, for Simon was a feeble old man, and not able to do much work. Often Nancy had dry bread for her dinner; and as to pudding—she hardly ever had that.

There was a rich lady who lived in the same village, who took a great fancy to Nancy; and one day this lady asked her if she would like to come and live with her and be her little girl, for she had no little girl of her own. Nancy thought a minute. It would certainly be very nice to have a good dinner every day, pretty clothes to wear, and perhaps even a pony to ride; but then, she looked at her dear grandmother and grandfather, and said to herself, "No, I could never be happy if I left them; they would miss me so." So slipping her hand into old Simon's, she said shyly, "Thank you, ma'am, but I must stay and take care of grandfather."

I think little Nancy was right; don't you? And I am sure she was happy in the choice she made, because she was thinking of others more than of herself.

LITTLE NANCY.

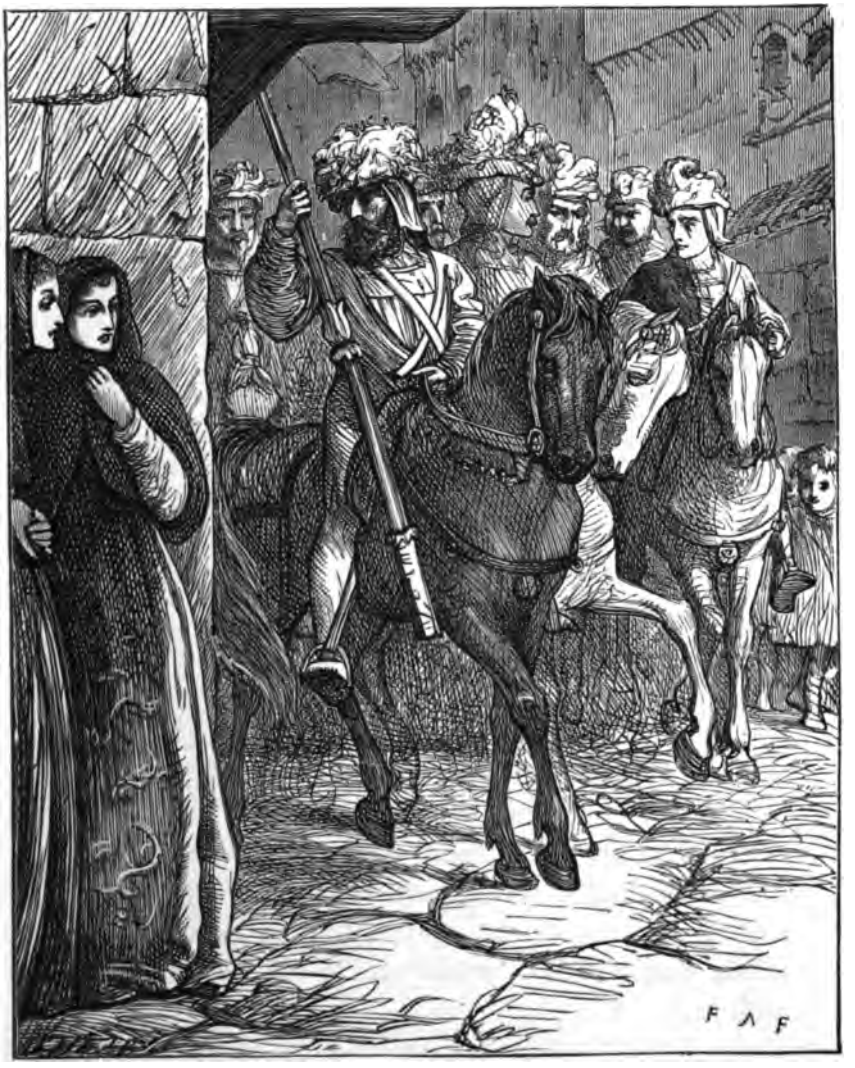
PRINCESS HILDA.—I.

ONCE upon a time there were two sister princesses, who loved one another very dearly. Their names were Hilda and Gwynel. They were married to two brother princes, called Laric and Roland. But these princes were not so affectionate as brothers should be. Fierce quarrels often took place; and at last they went to war with one another.

It was a sad day for poor Princess Hilda when her husband Prince Laric rode out of the city upon his prancing horse to make war upon his brother. Hilda stood with one of her ladies to see him go by; but she could hardly in her heart wish him success, when she remembered that his victory would bring trouble upon her dear sister Gwynel. She knew that her husband's army was much larger than that of Prince Roland, and that he would probably be the conqueror.

"If so," she entreated, "be merciful and generous, and do not forget that you are brothers."

Prince Laric was, however, too busy and too much excited to listen to his wife. He rode away gaily at the head of his men, while Hilda returned sadly to her house and cried bitterly.



PRINCESS HILDA.

PRINCESS HILDA.—II.

PRINCE LARIC won the battle, and soon returned in triumph. But Hilda learned, to her great distress, that he had taken Prince Roland prisoner, and had ordered him with his wife, Princess Gwynel, to be shut up for life in a lonely castle. In vain did Hilda plead with her husband for the release of the captives.

"They may thank you that I do not chop off their heads," he said. Finding entreaties useless, Princess Hilda at length set off one morning at daybreak with only one or two attendants, and by evening reached the castle where Gwynel and her husband were confined. Princess Gwynel was as much pleased as surprised to see her sister riding up, and ran to meet her.

"Are you come to set us free, dear Hilda?" she asked.

"No, alas! But Hilda cannot bear to live in luxury and splendour, while her dear sister is captive and unhappy. I am come to share your fate." They fell into one another's arms and wept.

When Prince Laric heard what his wife had done, he was so touched by her generosity and sisterly affection, that he at once set the captives free, and shortly afterwards restored his brother to his former state and position.

PRINCESS HILDA.

MORNA, THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD.—I.

MY home is a hut by the sea,
For I am a fisherman's child;
And the playmates and friends that are dearest to me
Are the waves so rough and wild.

I love to run on the shore,
When the sun and the tide are high;
The salt waves chase me, I laugh the more;
Who so happy as I?

I love the waves, and they love me;
They say so in language plain.
I tell them my secrets, and they promise me,
That they'll never tell mine again.

And presents they bring me beside,
Presents of coral and shell,
Briny and fresh, with the last spring tide,
From the caves where the mermaids dwell.

Only when father is far away
On the unknown far-off sea,
I am anxious and sad, for the waves out there
May not know him, I fear, nor me.

Then *my* dear waves that live on the shore
Sing a low and comforting strain;
"Fear not, little maid: God is good, and once more
Thy father shall come back again."

MORNA, THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD.

MORNA, THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD.—II.

BUT Morna sometimes trusted her friends, the waves, too much. For one day, when the tide was low, she skipped over the rocks to one, on which she was very fond of sitting and indulging her day-dreams.

Here she stayed a long time chattering to the waves which were dashing up at her feet, until all at once she discovered to her dismay that the tide had risen behind and around her!

She knew that it would be useless to attempt to reach the shore, for the water was already very deep. Poor little Morna! All she could do was to climb to the top of the rock and call for help. She shouted as loud as she possibly could, but the waves roared louder. The sea-birds came and flapped their wings about her, wondering, perhaps, what she could be doing out there.

The tide crept higher and higher; and the rock grew so cold and slippery that Morna could scarcely hold on to it.

Then Morna began to think that she must very soon die, and all the naughty things that she had ever done in her life came back to her memory.

Well she remembered now how often her father

MORNA, THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD.

had begged her not to be too venturesome in wandering over the rocks; but it was useless to think of that now. The waves were steadily rising higher, and Morna knew that the rock would soon be covered. She was too faint and tired to shout any more for help; but Morna knew that there was One who could hear her, however feeble and faint her cry might be.

She closes her eyes and prays earnestly—once, twice, three times. She listens!

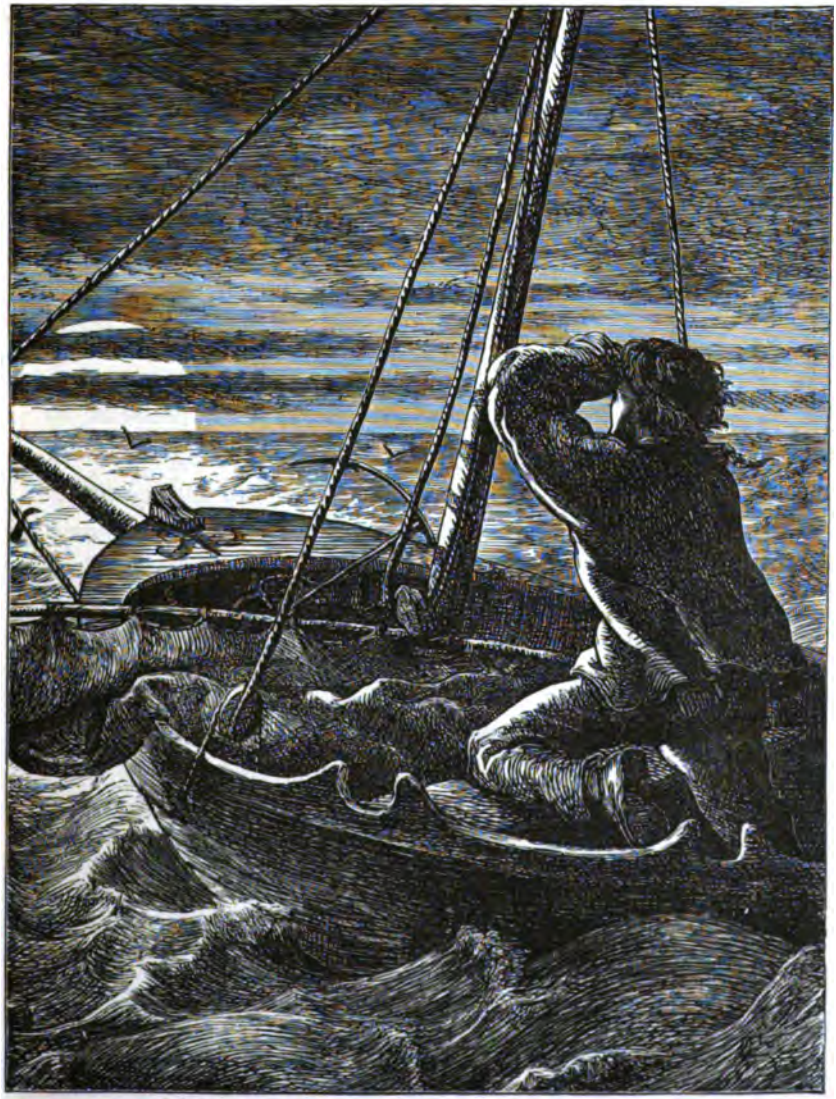
Can it possibly be? Yes; surely that is the sound of a boat rapidly cutting the water. Yes!

In another moment she is clasped in her father's strong arms, and pressed to his breast.

Morna indeed feels that her prayer has been heard, and that God himself has sent her father to save her.

The good fisherman had seen some one clinging in despair to the half-covered rock, and had launched his boat to help the poor drowning person, little dreaming that it was his own dear child.

Was he not well rewarded for his kind action, when he found that he saved, not as he fancied—a stranger, but his own much-loved little Morna?



MORNA, THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD.

THE HONEST APPLE-WOMAN.

"HONESTY is the best policy," says the old proverb. And children must always remember to be honest in little things as well as in great. The child who steals a spoonful of jam from the cupboard is quite as much a thief as the man who stole papa's purse and was sent to prison. Mrs. James was a very honest, poor woman. She kept an apple-stall in the market-place of Newark. One day a gentleman, passing by in his carriage, stopped to buy some apples. "How much are they?" "Sixpence a dozen, sir." "Give me a dozen, please." Mrs. James put them in a bag; the gentleman threw down a shilling, and drove off. The next moment Mrs. James remembered that she had not given him his change, and ran after him. The gentleman heard a great shouting, and turned to see what it could be. There was Mrs. James flying along quite out of breath. "The sixpence! the sixpence! you forgot it," she gasped. The gentleman took it, and thanked her. But he did not forget this honest action. In many ways he assisted her, and after a time enabled her to abandon the cold, draughty apple-stall, and open a charming little shop in the High Street, where she lived many years, respected by all who knew her.

THE HONEST APPLE-WOMAN.

THE POOR IRISH CHILD.

HAVE you ever been very, very hungry? Can you fancy what it must be to be *always* hungry —from morning till night? This is what poor little Kathleen feels very often—hungry and cold. See the grate is empty. There is no fire on the hearth. She has had nothing to eat to-day; and her mother, crying bitterly, tells her that she has not a morsel of bread to give her. It is the time of the potato famine in Ireland. One year all the potatoes were bad; and as the poor people there lived chiefly upon them, they were in great distress. This poor mother is nearly famished. For days she has scarcely tasted food. She has given it all to Kathleen, though the child does not know that. Now there is no more left. They are indeed in a sad state. But see, there is a kind neighbour just come in with offers of help. She is poor enough herself, but not quite so destitute as they are; and of her little, she is willing to spare some to these poor starving creatures. She will take them to her cottage, warm them by her fire, and share her own supper of dry bread with them. Ah! if you could only see how eagerly little Kathleen devours that hard, stale crust, you would, I think, never feel inclined to be dainty again.

THE POOR IRISH CHILD.

RUB-A-DUB-DUB.

"RUB-a-dub-dub,
You and I in a tub.
This is our house,
Keep still as a mouse.
Here we will stay
All the long day;
Nurse won't find us out."
"Yes, she will, if you shout
So loud as all that.
Oh, can't you lie flat?"
"I've no room to sit.
Have you?" "Not a bit;
I'm horribly squeezed."
"I thought you'd be pleased
To live in a tub,
Rub-a-dub-dub,
Like the great man of old
Of whom we've been told;
I can't think of his name."
"Never mind, all the same.
I'm beginning to tire,
And can't say I admire
A life in a tub,
Rub-a-dub-dub."

THE PRETTY KITTEN.

SEE my pretty kitty here,
She is such a gentle dear;
Stroke her coat so smooth and warm,
She'll not scratch, or do you harm.

You should see her frisk and play,
Chase her tail, and run away.
Tail, she thinks, will chase her, too.
So it does, if she but knew.

Tired with playing all day long,
Now she purrs her evening song;
See how quietly she lies,
Folded paws, and fast-closed eyes.

WHAT THE KITTEN HAD DONE.

YES, the kitten was a very quiet and well-behaved kitten, when she was asleep. I *have* heard, even, of little girls who have been quiet and good under these circumstances.

But when Kitty was awake, and in a frisky mood, there was no knowing what mischief she would attempt.

Only think of grandmamma and aunty going into the library one morning, and finding all the letters, papers, and books, swept off the table and scattered all over the floor in small pieces! Of course pussy was nowhere to be seen. Having done all the mischief she could, she had quietly decamped.

Poor aunty looked quite in despair as she seated herself on the floor to pick up the bits.

"I never saw such a naughty kitten," said grandmamma, as she took the torn papers from aunty's hand.

"What is to be done with her?" said aunty. And then the thought seemed to strike them both, that the best thing to do was to let the naughty kitten grow into a staid, sedate old cat, who would be ashamed of such youthful follies. Then they both smiled.

"You can't put young heads on old shoulders," said grandmamma.

WHAT THE KITTEN HAD DONE.

THE OLD NURSE.

WALTER LOWE has been to see his old nurse, Mrs. Capper. He is a grown-up man now, and has been travelling about in a number of foreign countries; but whenever he comes home, he always pays Nurse Capper a visit.

He does not forget how kind she was to him when he was a helpless little child, and how patient she used to be when he was a troublesome little boy. He remembers how she sat up with him, night after night, when he had the fever and was so ill.

He always brings her home some nice present. Once he brought her a parrot from Australia; and Nurse Capper has taught Polly to say, "Good boy, Master Walter," and many other words and sentences. This time he has brought her some tea from China.

Nurse Capper is very fond of Master Walter, and often makes him laugh by telling him stories of what he used to do when he was a little boy. He has forgotten all about these things; but she remembers them perfectly, and she has quite a cupboard full of old broken toys which he used to play with long, long ago, and a bundle of letters which he wrote her when he was at school.

THE OLD NURSE.

THE VILLAGE DRESSMAKER.

PRUDENCE HILL is the village dressmaker, and all the prettiest dresses in the neighbourhood are the work of her nimble fingers. She has much taste, though you would hardly think so to look at her. She is the most demure little person, always dressed in the plainest of grey gowns; but she is always a pattern of neatness, and she has the sweetest smile you can imagine.

Whenever a croquet party or a dance is to take place, and new frocks are wanted on all sides, every one rushes off to Prudence; and in some wonderful way Prudence finds time to please and satisfy everybody. But if you were to say to her, "How do you get on so fast, Prudence? Do you work by magic or by steam?" Prudence would probably answer, "Art thou not jesting, friend?" For Prudence is a Quakeress, and Quakers speak in this simple way.

Prudence lives with her grandmother; and while she works, old Mrs. Hill often reads aloud to her out of the Bible, or some other good book; and Prudence always says that this helps her on with her work better than anything else could do.

There they are in the picture: you see the old lady reading, Prudence working, and Pussy asleep on the rug before the fire.

THE VILLAGE DRESSMAKER.

MRS. DOUGLAS.—I.

DO you know what a telegram is?

It is rather a difficult thing to explain; but you have perhaps noticed some wires and high posts when you were out walking with nurse, and she has told you that they were the telegraph wires.

There is a needle fixed at each end of these wires, and when the needle at one end is moved, in a very wonderful way the needle at the other end of the wire is moved too, however far off it may be. So people can make signs to one another through these wires. And this is called telegraphing, and a message sent in this way is called a telegram.

People generally telegraph when they are in a great hurry, and think the postman cannot take a letter fast enough.

This poor lady in the picture, Mrs. Douglas, has just received one of these messages from India, which is a country a very long way off.

Her sister is reading it to her, and trying to comfort her, for she seems to be in great trouble and distress. Now what do you think the telegram can be about?

MRS. DOUGLAS.

MRS. DOUGLAS.—II.

THE message that has come from India is a very sad one. It tells Mrs. Douglas that her dear husband is ill, and bids her set off at once and come to him. This she will gladly do, in spite of the long long journey, for she loves him very dearly. But she is sadly grieved to think that he is ill, so far from home too.

And there is something else which makes her unhappy. What can that be? It is that she will be obliged to leave her dear little boy Percy, for she cannot take him with her.

She will have to travel in the railway and steamboat many nights and days without stopping. And besides, India is a very hot place, and little English children when they are taken there lose all the roses from their cheeks.

So Percy must stay at home.

Aunt Gertrude is doing all she can to comfort the poor mamma, and is promising to take great care of her little boy. I am sure she will do all she can to make him happy.

But there is no one in all the world who can be quite like a dear loving mother. Is there?

MI J. DOUGLAS.

MRS. DOUGLAS.—III.

MRS. DOUGLAS is saying good-bye to Percy. Poor little man! He is crying because his dear mamma looks unhappy; but he is too young yet to know the reason of her grief. He is only three years old.

He wants his mamma to stay and play with him, and says, "Mamma no go away."

But he does not understand what a very long time it will be before he will again feel his dear mamma's arms round him, and her soft kisses on his face.

"Be a dear good boy, darling," she says, "while mamma is away. Do all that auntie and uncle tell you; and pray to God to bless papa and mamma every night when you go to bed."

Then she cannot say any more, for the sobs which come up in her throat.

Percy lisps out in his baby language, "Mamma no cry. Mamma no go away. Percy will be a goog boy;" for he begins to think that he must have been naughty, and that that is why mamma will not stay and play with him as usual.

Mrs. Douglas kisses him again and again, and then hurries away, with many a fervent prayer for her darling.

Would you like to know how he got on while his dear mamma was away?

MRS. DOUGLAS.

MRS DOUGLAS.—IV.

TIME went on, and Percy grew older, and the older he grew, the more he missed his dear mamma.

And often and often he would sit curled up in the corner of a big armchair, which stood in his uncle's study, and cry quietly to himself, as he thought of his absent mother.

He liked that room best because the window looked eastward, and Percy knew that it was to the east that she had gone, for he had looked it all out on his map. Sometimes he had a letter from India, which his aunt would read to him until he knew it all by heart; and at last one came, which told him that he might very soon hope to see his dear mamma again.

Can I possibly tell you half the joy of that meeting? How Percy and his mother clung to one another, and

kissed, and laughed and cried all at the same time? No, I cannot tell you half or one quarter about it; but I think you can imagine how happy Percy would be to sit once more on his own dear mamma's knee, and to feel her gentle arms about him. "I have never forgotten to pray, 'God bless dear mamma,'" said Percy. "I have prayed it every night." "And I have never forgotten to pray, 'God bless my little son,'" said mamma, kissing him once more. "And God has indeed answered our prayers, by giving us back to one another."

MAKING IT UP.

"ROVER dog, Rover dog, where have you been?
Have you been to London to see the Queen?
I once heard of pussy-cat going that way,
But I'm sure she never returned the same day."

"No, little mistress, how could I go
So far from you and dear Master Jo?
I've been sitting quite peaceably under a chair,
While you have been romping and wrangling up there.

In fact, you did make such a terrible riot,
That I was quite glad to lie down and be quiet.
I'd a chat with old Judy. The cunning old fox
Had managed to slip, right out of the box.

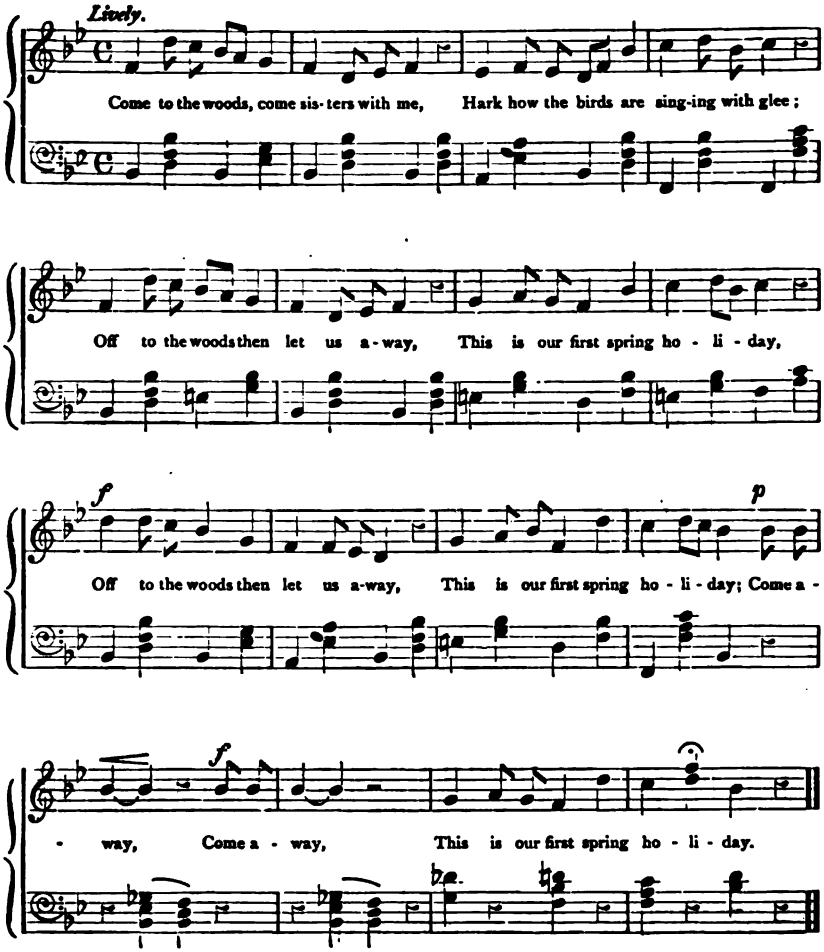
The animals, too, from the Ark were all there,
The lion and leopard, the camel and bear.
There we've been sitting, conversing together,
On politics, crops, the fashion, and weather.

But the thing which puzzled and gratified me,
Was the sweet way the animals seemed to agree;
No temper, and sulking, and pets, Master Jo,
Such as sometimes when playing with sister you show!

No teazing and plaguing. Ah! dear little missis,
Tho' your quarrels are very soon made up with kisses,
Believe me, 'tis best not to quarrel at all;
So kiss brother at once, and take care you don't fall."

MAKING IT UP.

OFF TO THE WOODS.



"OFF TO THE WOODS."

SPRING.

HOW delightful it is after the winter is over to go out on a bright spring morning! The air is still keen and fresh. "Put on your hat, Polly," says her mother; "you will catch cold." It will not do to leave off warm clothes yet; but Jack Frost has taken his leave, and though we liked him very much when he was with us, we don't want to see him again just at present. The dear little flowers are beginning to peep out of the ground: the blue-bells, violets, and primroses. The leaves are bursting out on the trees, green and fresh; and the birds are practising as hard as ever they can, the songs they mean to sing all the summer.

Blanche and Willy have asked their mamma to take them to the wood to hear the cuckoo. Listen! There he is calling, "Cuckoo, cuckoo." That is a sure sign of spring.

For the cuckoo is a funny little fellow. He only pays us a visit in England just when the weather suits him. In winter, he likes to be in a warmer climate; and as soon as the summer comes on, he says to his little mate, "My dear, it is getting too hot for us here; we will leave to-morrow morning for a cooler place." Then off they fly, and do not return till the sweet spring comes again.

SPRING.

SUMMER.

IT is a lovely June evening.

"What do you say to a row, Bessie?" asks brother Bob. "There will be the moon to-night to light us home."

"Oh, delightful!" cries Bessie.

So off they set. How sweet and still the air is! How smoothly the boat glides along under Bob's firm even strokes!

And by-and-by, when the moon comes out, will it not be charming? Why, just as likely as not, they may come across the fairies on their midsummer revels.

Bessie says so, and Bob laughs. He says he doesn't believe in fairies. If so, we can only be sorry for Bob. Perhaps he has never seen them, and that may account for it. Fairies are apt to be wilful and will not show themselves to every one.

Bessie quite believes in them. Indeed, her mind is full of them. For she has been reading only to-day, for the fifteenth time, that lovely old fairy tale about naughty Puck and Queen Titania, and the pranks they played one midsummer night long ago. Your mamma will tell it to you, I know, if you ask her very nicely. But I don't think brother Bob could ever have read it, or he would not have disbelieved in the dear little fairies.

SUMMER.

AUTUMN.

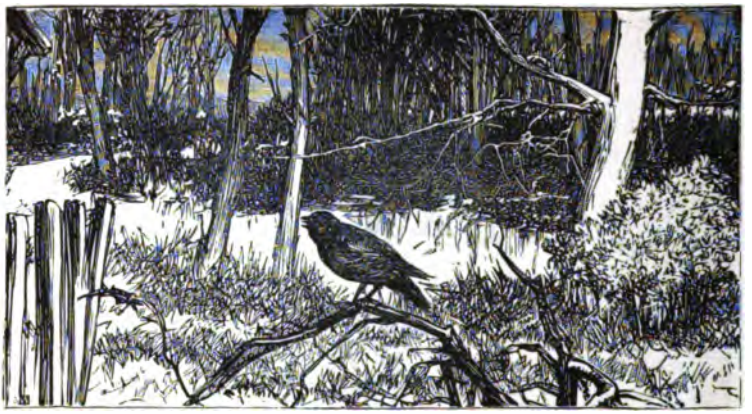
THE roses are over; the long days are gone. Already the evenings feel chilly, and the leaves are beginning to fall. But it is a glorious harvest-time, dry and bright. The rich, ripe corn is nearly all gathered in and carted away, but in some of the fields there are a few sheaves still standing.

Matthew, the reaper, has just left off work for the day, and is going home, in the glow of the autumn sunset, with a load of yellow corn on his shoulder. And Johnnie has been helping his father. He is carrying a sheaf too, and he is showing it to his sister with great pride and delight, for he cut it nearly all himself.

Now the corn will have to be ground into flour, to make bread for all the hungry little boys and girls and grown-up people during the winter.

Without corn we could not have any bread, and without bread we could not live. So that is the reason why every one is always anxious to have a good harvest; and that is why, when it is all safely garnered, we go to church and thank God: for it is He who gives us bread to eat. He makes the seed to grow in the earth. He sends the rain to water it, and the sunshine to ripen it. We must never forget that all we have and enjoy we owe to the love and goodness of God.

AUTUMN.



WINTER.

WINTER has come indeed. Just look out of the window, and see! the grass is all white with frost, and the river is frozen over. To-morrow the ice will be hard enough to bear, I should think; and then we shall see all the people sliding and skating upon it. Do you think you would like to try? Then you must take care not to tumble down, for you have no idea how slippery the ice is. And here is poor robin, our dear little friend, who has been singing to us so sweetly all the autumn, when the other birds were quite tired out. Here is poor robin singing his winter song, and asking for some breakfast. There, throw him out some of these crumbs. How tame he is! He will take them from your hand. He is cold and hungry. He wishes he were a little girl, to have a warm house and a bright fire to come to!

But unfortunately, there are children, and grown-up people too, who have no bright, pleasant home to shelter them—no cheerful fire in the winter evening.

Look at these poor wanderers! They have no better resting-place than the cold snow—no better shelter from the wind than that old cottage wall. See! the little child is beating at the door with his hand. He is not tall enough to reach the knocker. The poor mother is too hopeless and tired even to beg for admittance. Knock away, little one. There are children's voices in the house. They will plead for you. There are warm hearts waiting to befriend you, if only they know your need. There is a lull in the laughter and talk. They will hear you now. In another moment the door will open, and you will have food and shelter, for one night at least.

SYBIL.—I.

IT was the time of the Crimean war: that great war which, a few years ago, the English and French together fought against the Russians. It was called the *Crimean* War, because all the fighting took place in the Crimea, which is a part of Russia.

Sybil's papa was a soldier; and while he was away at the war, she stayed with her aunt and uncle, for she had no mamma. They were rich people, who lived in a big house with a beautiful garden, and a wood at the end of the garden.

They were very kind to Sybil, and gave her many nice presents.

Yet she could not be happy: for she was always thinking of her dear papa. She used to wander alone about the wood, thinking, and very often crying. I am afraid she was not so brave as a soldier's daughter should be.

"When shall I hear from him again," she would say; and sometimes gather a nosegay, and then throw the flowers down one by one—"To-day; to-morrow; next week; never:" and if her last flower was thrown at *never*, she would cry bitterly.

Foolish little Sybil; as if that would make any difference!

SYBIL.

SYBIL.—II.

ONE Sunday, when she went to church with her uncle and aunt, they had no sooner entered their pew than Sybil was attracted by a stranger, who sat close beside them. He was a soldier, and his arm was in a sling. Sybil felt sure that he had just come from the Crimea; and it was with the greatest difficulty that she could keep quiet during the service. "Auntie, auntie, do look," she whispered; but, of course, auntie could not take any notice just then. Sybil could not take her eyes off him, and never had the sermon seemed so long.

"Perhaps he can tell me about papa," she kept saying over and over to herself.

When they all left the church, the soldier waited for them; and he had indeed brought them a message from Sybil's papa—a message, and a letter too. He was on his way home, invalided, but not wounded. Sybil was almost out of her mind with joy.

"Oh! how stupid that flower was to say Never," she cried.

"Oh! how silly you were to believe in such nonsense," said her aunt. And now Sybil had nothing to cry for but joy; for in a very few days she would have her own dear papa home again safe and sound.

SYBIL.

SYBIL.—III.

THIS is Ned, the soldier who brought the good news to Sybil. He is telling her stories of the war. She is deeply interested. Often tears spring to her eyes as she listens to some tale of unselfish devotion and courage. But for herself she sheds no tears now. Her dear papa has come home, and he has promised that he will never, never leave her again. Peace is proclaimed, and every one is thankful and glad. The horrible war is at an end. Yet Sybil thinks, as she listens to Ned's tales, that there may be some good in war after all, if it makes people so brave, so noble, so heroic.

Ned tells her of the Balaklava charge, where brave men rode to certain death in unquestioning obedience. He tells her of the life in the trenches before Sebastopol; of the steady endurance, the patience, the unselfishness, which shone there so brightly. He tells her of the battle of Alma; he tells her of the storming of the Redan, in which he himself took a part. And he tells her of good Miss Nightingale. He is never tired of speaking about her.

Would you like to hear something about her?

SYBIL.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

HERE is Florence Nightingale, old Ned's favourite heroine.

Perhaps you don't know what a heroine is. It is some one who does something very noble and good.

Did you ever hear what Miss Nightingale did? If not, I think you would like to know.

It was the time of that Crimean war we were talking about.

Terrible accounts came home of our brave soldiers lying sick and wounded by hundreds in Turkish hospitals with scarcely any one to nurse them or care for them. Every one was very sorry to hear of this; but it is not much use being sorry for people unless you help them.

Good Miss Nightingale resolved that she would help them. She left home, country, and friends, and went away to be a nurse to these poor suffering men. She had many terrible sights to see, and very much to endure; but through it all she persevered in the good work—a true sister of mercy. And the sick soldiers, as they lay on their beds of pain, would kiss her very shadow as it flitted by.

Now you can understand why old Ned liked talking about her.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

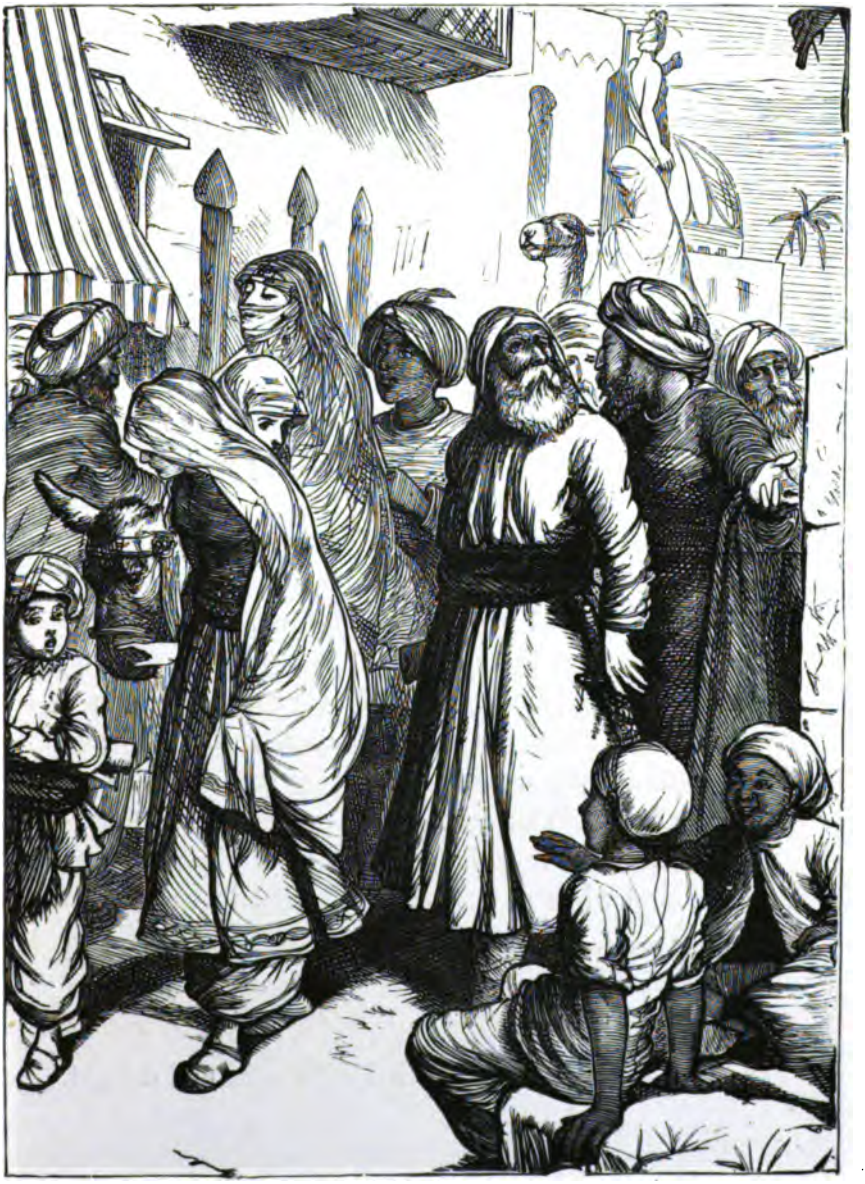
CAIRO.

THIS is a street in Cairo, the chief town of Egypt. You will remember that it was to Egypt that Joseph went, when his brothers sold him to the traders; and it was in Egypt that he became such a great man, next to King Pharaoh himself. Near Cairo there is a very deep well, which is still known as "Joseph's Well;" but we cannot be quite sure whether that was really his well, because it is so very very long ago.

This street in Cairo is not much like any street that you know, I think. It is very narrow, and you see there is no footpath; but the people on foot, on donkeys, and on camels, all crowd along together, talking and shouting to one another all the time to get out of the way. That lady on the donkey seems to have some trouble in threading her way, and how the lady on the camel will get on, we cannot think; but, no doubt, the camel is a clever, sensible fellow, and knows how to manage.

I want you to notice the strange dresses of the people.

The men all wear turbans on their heads, and the women are quite wrapped up in large veils. Nearly all women in the East dress in this way.



CAIRO.

JANE'S FIRST LETTER.

MAMMA went into the nursery one day, and found Jane, the nursemaid, crying bitterly.

"What is the matter?" asked mamma.

"Oh, ma'am, mother is ill, and I do so want to write to her, but I don't know how."

"I will write for you," said mamma; "and if you yourself would like to learn, I will teach you."

Jane's face brightened very much.

"Will you indeed, ma'am? How good of you! But don't you think I am too old and too stupid to learn?"

"Not at all," said mamma, "if you really try. Most things can be done by trying."

So Jane began her lessons, and every day mamma set her a copy. First she made strokes, and, dear me, how crooked they were! Then she began pothooks. They would not go straight either, particularly at first.

But Jane was very happy at her work, and very patient; and when at last she succeeded in writing, in very large round hand—*"Dear Mother, I hope you are better. Your affectionate daughter, Jane"*—she very nearly cried with pride and delight.

JANE'S FIRST LETTER.

THE BROKEN VASE.

MRS. HERBERT always went into her boys' room after they were in bed to see that all was right. She was very much astonished one night to find her youngest boy Frank still up and dressed.

"Why, what is the matter, Frank?" she asked.

"Mamma, I was so unhappy, I could not have slept. I wanted to confess something."

"What is it, dear?" Mrs. Herbert knelt down and took her boy in her arms.

"Mamma, I broke that vase that you scolded Jane about to-day." Mrs. Herbert looked very much shocked. "Why, Frank, I thought you told me you had not been into the room."

"No, mamma. The others said so; but you forgot to ask me—and you seemed so vexed, I was afraid to speak. But I have been very unhappy all day, and I could not go to sleep without telling you the truth."

"It was indeed a cowardly thing to let another person suffer for your fault, particularly as you knew I was not so angry with Jane for breaking the vase, as for denying that she had done so. But I am thankful that you have had strength to confess your fault; and to-morrow you must make all the amends you can to Jane."

THE BROKEN VASE.

POOR JACK.—I.

"SWEEP your door-step, ma'am? Sweep the snow off nice and clean for a penny," pleads Jack, very earnestly; for a penny is to him of the very greatest consequence. It does not mean toffy or sugar-plums, as it does to you: but it means dinner or no dinner—a penny loaf or hunger. But the farmer's wife at whose door he is standing will have nothing to say to him. Even the cat looks crossly at him, and Jack retires quite crestfallen. Jack is a poor boy who has no father or mother. The only being that he has belonging to him, in all the wide world, is his little sister Bel. Bel, you know, means pretty; but this poor Bel has no natural

claim to her name—or, at least, any beauty that she may have is spoiled and hidden by the misery and raggedness of her condition. And yet she has some beauty too, for she has a warm, loving, unselfish heart; and there is, after all, no beauty like the beauty of goodness. She earns a few pence by sweeping a crossing, and struggles from morning till night, with a broom almost as heavy as herself and much taller. Sometimes she gets as much as sixpence in one day; sometimes scarcely anything.

But whatever it may be, she takes the money home to Jack in the evening. When I talk of Bel's home, you must not think of a comfortable house, with chairs, and beds, and fire, and gas.

"Oh!" you will say, "I know the sort of little cottages poor people live in. They have no carpets and easy-chairs, but I've often thought they looked very cozy indeed."

Yes; when the brick floor is swept clean, and the fire burns cheerily on the hearth, a cottage is by no means a bad place. And once upon a time Jack and Bel had such a pleasant, cozy home. But that is a long while ago. Then they had a kind father and mother to love them and take care of them. Both father and mother are dead now. Bel can hardly recollect them; and almost the first thing that Jack remembers, is standing by his father's grave with Bel and a number of other people. Then he wondered when his father would come back again, and why every one looked so sad, and pitied him and Bel so much. Now he has learned what it is to be an orphan. But I was going to tell you what sort of a place Jack and Bel call their home. It is not a very settled place, for sometimes it is a shed; sometimes only a doorstep; sometimes a barn. This last they think a great luxury, because of the soft clean straw, which they make into a bed; and they are very grateful to the farmer when he gives them leave to sleep there.

POOR JACK.

POOR JACK.—II.

THIS is a picture of poor Jack and Bel *at home.* You will be sorry to see that Jack is ill. How wearily he is lying on that heap of straw. Ah! it is bad enough to be ill when we have all sorts of comforts and luxuries about us, but without them it is very bad indeed. Bel crept out of the barn very softly this morning with her broom, while Jack was still asleep. She thought that he looked tired, and she would not disturb him. But this evening, on returning from her work, she finds Jack lying still on the straw, weak and listless, and unable to move. Poor little girl! She does what she can for him, but that is not very much. She fetches him some nice fresh milk, and persuades him to drink a little. Then she sits down on the floor beside him, and watches him very anxiously. What will she do if Jack is going to be very ill? What would become of her if Jack were to die! At these sad thoughts the tears spring to her eyes; but she brushes them away quickly that Jack may not see, and be made unhappy. Presently Jack raises himself upon his elbow, and speaks.

"Bel, a gentleman that I ran an errand for yesterday, spoke very kindly to me. He wanted me to go to school, and told me to come and see him.

POOR JACK.

I think he was a clergyman. I wish you would go and tell him that I am ill. Perhaps he might help us." All this was spoken in a weak, jerky voice, with a stop between each sentence, as if it were a great effort. "Do you feel so ill, then, dear Jack?" asked Bel, the tears running down her cheeks. "Yes; I am afraid I am ill," said poor Jack. He directed Bel where to go, and she hastened off and made for the kind clergyman's house as fast as her feet could take her. It was a long way, and when she got there she was so out of breath with running that she could hardly speak. The kind clergyman took great interest in Bel's story.

He came at once to see poor Jack, and finding him really very ill, got him at once admitted into a hospital, of which he was chaplain. There Jack was taken the best possible care of. The kind clergyman came every day to see him; and when Jack was better, there was always one kind person or another ready to sit by him and read when he wanted a little amusing. Bel came sometimes, too. But she had not so very much spare time now, for the kind clergyman had put her to school, where she was very busy learning all sorts of things.

When Jack left the hospital, the clergyman got him apprenticed to a carpenter; and in time Jack, who was grateful and industrious, grew up to be a skilful workman and a good and useful man.

THE GOLD-DIGGINGS.

THESE are men at the gold-diggings. They are rough-looking fellows; are they not?

Perhaps you never heard of the gold-diggings. You know that mamma's brooches and earrings are gold, but you never thought where the gold came from.

Well, gold is a mineral, and is dug out of the earth like coal; only it is not so deep down. And it is much more valuable than coal—a very little bit of gold is worth more than a great lump of coal. It is only found in a very few places, and those places are called gold-fields.

When a new gold-field is discovered, there is a great rush of people to the place. Hundreds and thousands of people go; many of them lazy, bad people who hope to find gold without the trouble of working for it, and others who go and work very hard indeed. Some succeed in finding the treasure, and some are disappointed. And there is always a great deal of quarrelling and fighting in those places.

The gentleman in the picture, with the dog, is just trying to settle one of their disputes. He is trying to teach these rough men that it is more noble to forgive an injury than to resent it.

THE GOLD-DIGGINGS.

THE FAREWELL.

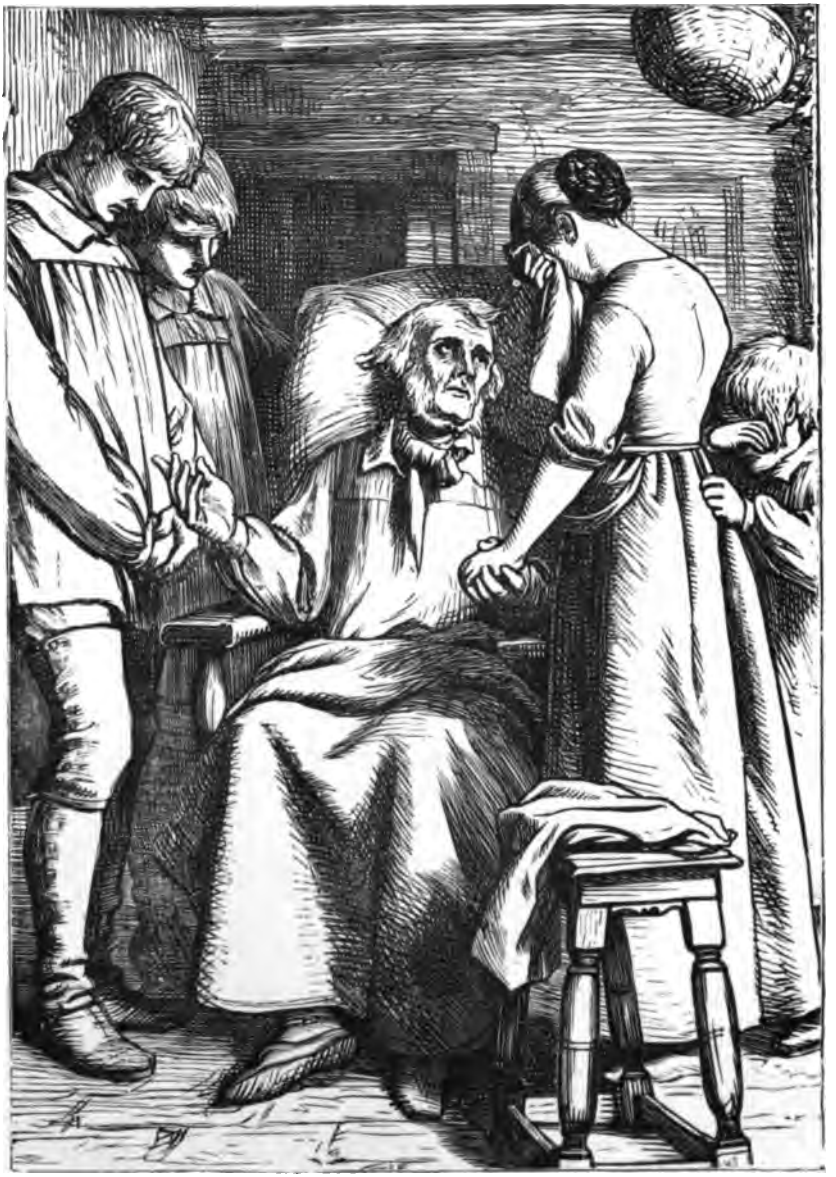
Slowly, and with expression.

1. I'm go - ing, dear-est chil-dren, to a coun-try far a - way, But
2. On - ly re - mem-ber, chil-dren, all that I have said to you, Be

do not weep, dear chil - dren, for you'll come to me one day; I
lov - ing, good and gen - tle, hon - est, pa - tient, kind and true; And

long to be, dear chil - dren, where the ho - ly an - gels sing, I
I will wait, my dear ones, be side the gold - en door, And

long to see the land of flowers and the e - ter - nal spring.
af - ter hap - py meet - ing there we'll part a - gain no more.



"THE FAREWELL."

STAR-GAZING.

HELEN was very fond of looking at the stars. She knew a good many of their names.

Perhaps you are surprised to hear that the stars have names, like little boys and girls. But it is so: and clever men have spent nearly all their lives watching the stars and finding out different things about them.

These clever men are called astronomers. They have long telescopes through which they look, and which enable them to see things a long way off: for the stars, you know, are very far off indeed, and that is why they look so small. They are really quite big worlds, where, perhaps, people live.

You may like to know, besides, that the stars are not dotted about the sky anyhow, but are arranged in beautiful groups, which all have names. Some of these are very funny ones, such as the Great Bear and Little Bear.

The Great Bear is the easiest to find; and if some starry night you ask papa or mamma to show it to you, I think you will always be able to find it again, and then you will be a young astronomer.

STAR GAZING.

UP AND DOWN.

UP, little sister, up you go
To the boughs where the ruddy apples grow.
Down, little sister, down you fly
To the ground where the diamond dewdrops lie.
Which is best, love, up or down,
The dewy carpet or leafy crown?
Who, little sister, can say, can say?
It has puzzled many a sage in his day.
Best, perchance, what nearest lies,
Haply, reaching, you lose the prize.
Which shall it be, love, fruit or flower,
Winter sunshine, or summer shower?
Heigh ho! up you go,
Fo, fum, down you come.
Up or down, love, merrily sing;
Every day its joy will bring.

"UP AND DOWN."

PLAYING WITH FIRE.—I.

ETHEL and Lucy used, while their papa and mamma were at dinner, to learn their lessons for the next day, in the room they called their study. Very cozy it was, with its bright gaslight, closely-drawn curtains, and cheerful fire.

Sometimes Mary the housemaid would pop her head into the room, to see that all was right, and to ask the little girls if they wanted anything. They were forbidden to touch the fire or the gas themselves.

But one unfortunate evening no Mary looked in, and the fire began to burn low.

"Where is Mary? Why does she not come to see to our fire?" said Ethel, at last. "It is getting quite cold. I think I will poke it myself."

"Oh! take care; you'd better not," returned Lucy. "You know mamma would be angry with you for touching it."

"Nonsense, Lucy. What harm can it do? I'm sure I'm quite old enough to know how to poke a fire. You get some coals, and help me to make up a good blaze."

Lucy thought it would be good fun. Her scruples were soon overcome. She fetched the coal-scuttle, and a big fire was quickly piled up.

Just then, Mary looked in on her way from the

dining-room. There was company that evening, and she was busy.

"Oh! you have seen to the fire yourself, Miss Ethel, have you? Well, take care, and don't put any more coal on." Then she left the room.

"You see Mary thought I could do it very well. I'm not a baby now," said Ethel. And she gave the fire another tremendous poke. Alas! what was her horror when a big red cinder jumped out of the grate, and falling on Lucy's pinafore, set fire to it. Instead of trying to put it out, Ethel ran out of the room in a state of great alarm, screaming for Mary, mamma, and papa. Poor Lucy followed—the flames rising higher and higher.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.—II.

THEIR papa and mamma heard their cries, and rushed out of the dining-room. Papa, taking off his coat, wrapped it round Lucy, and soon the flames were extinguished; but not before poor Lucy was sadly burnt.

For many days she had to stay in bed, suffering much pain; and at first it was feared that she would die.

Can you not imagine how very miserable Ethel was?

No one scolded or punished her. Indeed, every one in the house was too much occupied with Lucy to take much notice of her; but she felt sadly guilty, and crept about in a hopeless sort of way.

"What if Lucy should die!" she kept on saying to herself over and over again. She felt, and truly, that

she had been the cause of all poor Lucy's suffering. And she would sit for hours at the foot of her bed, crouched down on the floor, listening to her sister's low moans, and bitterly repenting her disobedience.

At last, to Ethel's great joy and relief, the doctor said that Lucy was getting better; but it was long before she was quite well again, and all her life she had a scar upon her face, which Ethel could never look at without a feeling of great pain and self-reproach.

It is such a terrible thing to feel that you have not only done wrong yourself, but that you have brought suffering on other people!

And wrong-doing always does bring suffering sooner or later!

"THOMAS."

JOHN HARDY and his wife were very fond of their little baby girl, and very proud of her; but they had great difficulty in finding her a name which would be pretty and suitable.

John wished to call her Susan, after her mother; or Sarah, after his sister. But his wife said that she could not have her dear baby called by any name so common and ugly as these. She wanted to have it christened "Angelina Victoria." John said that he was a plain working-man, and he would not have his baby called by such a string of fine words.

It was a very difficult point to settle, because neither would give way.

"Well, Susan," John said at last, "I'll tell you what we will do—we will not name her at all, but when she is christened, the clergyman shall call her anything he pleases."

To this Susan at last agreed. But I am sure you will laugh to hear, that the clergyman at the christening forgot to ask whether the baby was a little girl or boy; and he christened her by the very first name which came into his head, and that was the name of his own little boy, "Thomas."

"THOMAS."

RACHEL MILROY.—I.

MR. MILROY called his daughter into his study one morning. "Rachel, my dear," he said, "I find that I am obliged to go abroad on business of great importance."

"Are you, dear papa? When shall we start? I can be ready in almost no time. Where are we going?" asked Rachel, brightly.

"Ah! that is the worst of it," returned Mr. Milroy. "I cannot take you with me, my dear."

"Not take me, papa!" Rachel had no mamma, and she had never in her life been separated from her father. The tears sprang to her eyes.

"What is to become of me, papa?"

"That is what I am anxious about, my dear. But I have decided that it will be best for you to stay with your aunt Janet while I am gone. I am now writing to her about it. I shall be away some months, I fear."

Some months! Aunt Janet, who was so cross and so strict! Rachel did not wish to distress her papa. She tried very hard not to cry. She twisted her pocket-handkerchief round her fingers, and pinched herself very hard. But it would not do. The tears would come. She rose, and threw her arms round her papa's neck.

RACHEL MILROY.

"Do take me with you," she sobbed.

"My darling, you know I would not grieve you willingly. But cheer up. Be a brave, good girl. Only try to do what is right, and you will see that things will not be so bad after all. Nobody is ever really miserable who is trying to do right."

"I will try, dear papa," said Rachel.

And she did try very hard, during the next few days, to be cheerful, and to help papa with his packing, and not to think about herself at all. This was certainly the best thing she could do; for the less people think about themselves, and their own troubles, and the more they think about other people, the happier they are.

Mr. Milroy was himself very sad at the thought of leaving Rachel; but he, too, tried to be cheerful for her sake, and so they cheered one another. There really was a great deal to do. And when people are busy they have no time to be sad. It is only idle people who have time to brood over their troubles. Besides papa's packing, there was Rachel's packing to be done too. Aunt Janet wrote a very kind letter, not at all as if she were cross or strict, saying how pleased she would be to have her niece with her, and promising to do all she could to make her happy while her papa was away.

RACHEL MILROY.—II.

IN a very few days Aunt Janet came herself to fetch Rachel. Then Rachel had to say good-bye to her papa.

This was a great trial for the poor girl, and she clung to his neck, sobbing as though her heart would break.

Aunt Janet, instead of being vexed or put out, had to pull down her veil over her face, to hide her own red eyes—"or the cabman will think me such a silly old woman, my dear," she said.

Rachel did not care what the cabman thought about *her*. She wanted to give papa the very last look.

But when they were in the cab, and Aunt Janet drew her niece to her, and caressed and soothed her

as tenderly as a mother might have done, Rachel, who had never known a mother's love, began very soon to be consoled, and to believe that, as her papa had said, things might not turn out so badly after all.

Rachel soon became very fond of her aunt. The better she knew her the more she liked her; and this is often the case. We dislike people because we don't know them and do not understand them.

Still, though Rachel was very happy, she looked forward with great eagerness to her dear papa's return, and his letters always met with the most delighted welcome.

She has just received one now, and is reading it aloud to Aunt Janet as they sit by the open window on a pleasant spring morning. It was cold winter weather when Mr. Milroy left, but that is months ago, and now he is on his road home.

The letter is written from Naples, which is a town in Italy, and it is a very interesting and amusing letter, for it describes a visit which Mr. Milroy paid to Vesuvius. This is a burning mountain not very far from Naples. In the top of the mountain is a great deep hole, called a crater, and out of this come smoke, and flames, and burning stuff called lava.

RACHEL MILROY.

Sometimes the mountain is very quiet and well-behaved, and then people can go up it and peep into the crater. At other times it is very dangerous to go near, for fear some burning cinders may fall on you.

All this was very interesting about the burning mountain. But the most interesting part of the letter to Rachel was, that her papa said he was on his way home. She got her map at once, and found out all the places he would have to come through on his way from Naples to England. Do you think you could do that? She liked always to be able to *fancy* where he was. But as he said he would stay a week in Paris (which is, you know, the chief town of France), she did not expect him quite so soon as he really came.

She went to bed one night just as usual, thinking as she went to sleep, "Perhaps to-morrow, or the next day, dear papa may come." And lo and behold! in the middle of the night, as it seemed to her, but really in the very early morning, long before it was light; she woke, and saw her aunt Janet's old housekeeper standing at the bedside.

"Are you awake, Miss Rachel?" she asked; "because, if so, your papa's come." Rachel said, under those circumstances, she certainly was awake, and hurrying up in great joy, she soon dressed and

ran down to the dining-room, where she found her papa enjoying a very early breakfast, with Aunt Janet in her dressing-gown, making tea. Need I say what a happy breakfast that was?

"Dear dear papa," said Rachel, "how glad I am to see you; and yet I am rather glad you went away too, or I should never have known Aunt Janet."

"Ah, child, didn't I say things would turn out better than you expected?" said papa. And they were the happiest, merriest trio you can possibly imagine.

THE JACKDAW.

"OH! you impertinent bird," said Maria to the jackdaw; and yet she could not help laughing. "You *will* have a finger in every pie." Now this was not strictly correct, because it was, in this case at least, a foot, and not a finger—a basin, and not a pie. However, I daresay the jackdaw knew what she meant. Maria was the housemaid, and Jack was her pet. He used to follow her all over the house. He really was a most amusing bird. He could say a great many words, but he did not choose to show how clever he was to every one. His favourite sentence was, "I'm a king, I'm a king. Go along; don't talk nonsense. I'm a king," and this he would repeat very often, strutting about the floor and flapping his wings in the most self-satisfied way. No one could help laughing who heard him.

THE YOUNG INVALID.

ALBERT had a very bad cold, and one whole day he had to stop in bed. He found it rather dreary, and the next day he begged very hard to be allowed to get up. "Well," said nurse, "if I let you get up to tea, you must promise me to sit quite quietly by the nursery fire, and I will make a little tent for you." Albert promised; and nurse arranged a delightful little tent for him, by turning up a great arm-chair, and spreading a blanket over it.

"Now, I don't think you can get any draught," she said. "You are as cosy as possible."

"Nurse," said Albert, as she moved away to make the tea, "I feel like an Arab." "Do you?" said nurse.

Do you know what an Arab is?

THE ARABS.

THESE are Arabs. They are a wandering people. They do not inhabit cities and villages, as we do. They have no houses at all, but they live in tents. These they can easily set up wherever they feel inclined to stay for a while; and they are constantly moving about.

In Arabia there is a great deal of desert. Instead of fields and woods, there is nothing for miles and miles but a great waste of sand. Only here and there a little spot is to be found where there are a few trees beside a well of water. Such a spot as this is called an oasis.

It is here that the Arabs like to encamp, that they may have plenty of water for themselves and their cattle. The Arabs have beautiful horses, which gallop very swiftly over the level plains of the desert.

A little boy, once being asked by his governess what Arabia was famous for, said "Nights' Tales." And this is quite true. The "Arabian Nights' Tales" are very famous. They are fairy stories, full of wonder and enchantment; and one of these days you will no doubt read them, and enjoy them very much.

Gum, coffee, and spices come from Arabia.

THE ARABS.

THE BLIND ORGANIST.

MR. SOAMES was quite blind. Yet he could play the organ beautifully. It was quite wonderful how his fingers could find the notes and pull out all the different stops without any eyes to guide them; but he never made mistakes. He used to play the organ at church every Sunday; and Agnes, the clergyman's little daughter, delighted in listening to him. She was very fond of music. When she was quite a small child, before she could understand what going to church really meant, she used to like to go only for the sake of listening to the music.

Afterwards, as she grew older, she was taught that we go to church to pray to God, to praise Him, and to think about Him.

So she had not so much time to think about the organ.

But on week-days, when the church was quite empty, Mr. Soames would go to practise the music for next Sunday, and then Agnes would often creep quietly in, and sit down close beside him. It seemed to her, as she listened entranced and breathless, that she could hear the dear angels of God playing on their golden harps. If she closed her eyes, she fancied she could see them. I think the blind organist saw them, too, sometimes while he played.

THE BLIND ORGANIST.

GRACE.

YOU think, perhaps, that because Grace is riding in a perambulator she is quite a baby, like your little sister Polly, but I am sorry to say this is not so. Grace is eight years old, and was once able to run about as well as you can. But about two years ago she met with a sad accident. She was hopping and skipping down-stairs, not looking where she was going, as little girls do sometimes. Unhappily, her foot slipped. She fell down, and seriously injured her back. For a whole year she had to lie down without ever moving, and even now, though she can sit up a little, she cannot walk, and has to be carried or wheeled about everywhere. She is very patient, although she sometimes gets very weary, and suffers great pain. She has come now to stay with her Aunt Emily, who lives in Scotland, quite among the mountains. And this is Grace's first peep at them, for she only arrived late last night.

"How beautiful!" she exclaims. How she enjoys the sweet fresh air and the sight of the heather-covered hills!

"Ah, dear," says aunty, "before you leave here I hope you will be able to run all about the hills."

I hope so too. Don't you?

GRACE.

AUGUST DAYS.

THIS husband and wife are called Jean and Lucile. They live in a tiny little cottage, and have a tiny farm of their own, and a corn-field, which they reap themselves. Jean reaps with the hook, and Lucile goes after him and gathers the corn into bundles. Then she makes bands, and with them Jean ties up the sheaves, as you see in the picture. They have nearly done their day's work now; and Lucile must go home to the cottage to get Jean's supper ready, and her own, too, of course. But she thinks a great deal more about Jean than she does about herself. She is such a happy, helpful, busy creature. As she goes she sings:—

Reaping, gleaning, singing
  All the August day;
Working, loving, hoping,
  So time flows away!

Soon will harvest days be o'er,
  Soon come wintry weather;
What care we for storm or calm,
  So we be together!

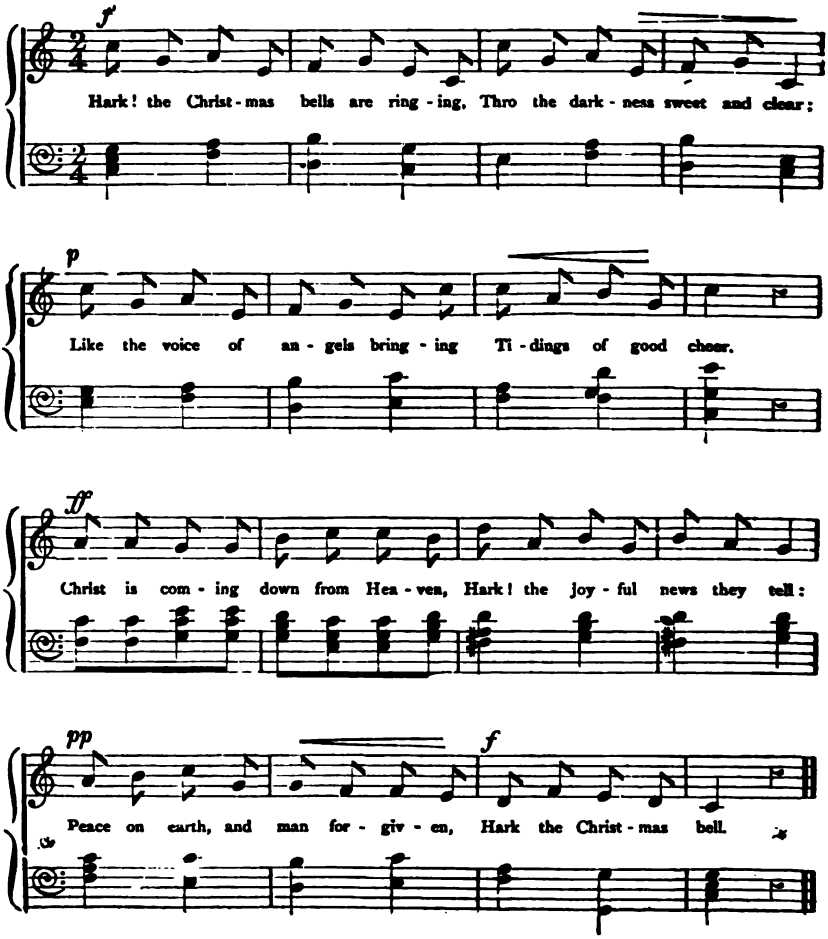
AUGUST DAYS.

LOCKED IN.

"LISTEN to the bells ringing. Wouldn't you like to go up and see where the music comes from?" asks Norman of his brother and sister, as they pass the open church door. "I think I should be frightened," says little Lily. "No, you wouldn't. Not with me. Come along—come along, Will." So up they go—up to the very top of the belfry, past the ringers, who are too busy to notice them. "What a funny place it is, and oh! what a terrible noise!" cries Lily. But now the ringers have stopped. Well, that is a comfort. "Isn't it jolly up here?" says Will. "Yes, great fun—only—what noise is that far down below? Is it the banging of a door?" The same horrible thought strikes all the children at once. Can they be *locked in?* They shout at the very top of their voices. No one hears them. "Oh, Norman, what shall we do?" sobs Will. Poor little Lily sinks down to the ground in a kind of dull despair. "Do you think we shall have to stop here all night?" asks Will, tearfully. All at once he laughs outright. "Not we," he cries, "we'll ring the bells." So away they pull, with might and main, till at last a loud discordant peal startles the whole village. "What ever can it be?" cries everybody at once. "Have the French come?" "No," says a little voice from the belfry tower, "we're only locked in."

LOCKED IN.

CHRISTMAS EVE.



"CHRISTMAS EVE."

EVA DALE.—I.

MR. and Mrs. Dale lived in a house with a beautiful garden, which sloped down to the river, and Eva was never tired of wandering along the banks. She loved to watch the water rippling merrily over the stones or settling into deep pools, where you could see the little fishes jumping up and down. She would often stand for a long time looking at them. And she had to keep very still indeed, for the fishes are cunning little fellows, and soon find out when they are being peeped at. But when Eva kept quite quiet, close up against a tree, the little fishes thought she was only a tree too, so they were not a bit frightened. They would come and dance and leap up, and make rings on the smooth surface of the water in the prettiest way possible.

Eva used to wonder how any one could have the heart to spoil their happy little lives with cruel fishing-rods and hooks.

"Still, I suppose people must have fish for dinner sometimes," she would say, and sigh.

Now, I must tell you something else that Eva liked very much to do.

She was very fond, in summer, of gathering the beautiful flowers which grew by the side of the river, and sometimes even in the river.

EVA DALE.

EVA DALE.—II.

THERE were water-lilies growing there, white and yellow, with broad shining leaves, which floated on the stream like so many little boats. And there were also the dear blue forget-me-nots. These were great favourites of Eva's. They grew in thick clumps all along the river-side. Eva liked to pluck them, and make them into wreaths, in a way she learned to do, when she was at school in Germany. But this led her into great trouble one day.

She was kneeling close by the edge of the river, making a bouquet of her pet forget-me-nots, when a flower caught her eye just a little out of reach, which she thought she would like very much.

She was determined to have a try after it, and made a very long stretch. Unfortunately, the bank was slippery. She lost her hold, and in a moment she had fallen headlong into the river.

I need not tell you that she was dreadfully frightened, for the water, which was quite shallow at the edge, became all at once very deep, and as Eva could not swim, she thought she must be drowned. She screamed out for help. Happily, her cries were heard! A young carpenter, who was mending a boat on the bank, ran to the spot, and seeing some one struggling in the water,

pulled off his coat and jumped in. The stream was already carrying Eva away; but Tom struck out bravely. He caught hold of her with a firm grasp, and in a very fewseconds reached the bank with her in safety. Poor Eva was too ill even to speak; but as Tom knew where she lived, he at once took her up in his arms and carried her off home.

EVA DALE.—III.

YOU may fancy how startled and alarmed Eva's papa and mamma were when they saw her carried into the house in this state, both she and Tom dripping with water from head to foot, looking like two drowned rats more than like two human beings! However, you may be sure that they were very thankful to find that she was not *quite* drowned; and as for Tom, they did not know how to thank him enough.

Eva soon recovered herself a little. She quickly got rid of her soaking clothes, and very glad she was to be tucked up in a warm, dry bed. But, unfortunately, the wetting she had had gave her cold; fever came on, and for a long time she was very ill indeed.

For nights and days together her kind mother sat by her bedside waiting on her, and watching her—forgetting to be tired or sleepy in the great anxiety she felt for her dear child.

But at last, after weeks of terrible uncertainty, she was comforted by Eva's return to health.

Now, I wonder whether you can think what was the first thing that Eva was anxious to do as soon as she got better. Will you guess? or shall I tell you?

EVA DALE.

EVA DALE.—IV.

EVA'S first wish was to thank the brave fellow who had risked his own life to save hers; and as soon as she was strong enough she begged her papa to take her into the village to see Tom the carpenter. Papa consented willingly. Tom received Eva's thanks very shyly, though, I think, there were tears in his eyes, as there certainly were in Eva's.

"I can never thank you enough; I can never, never hope to repay you," said Eva.

"No, indeed," added her father; "payment is out of the question; but I hope that Tom will not refuse to accept and wear a small token of our gratitude." As he spoke, to Eva's great delight, he took from his pocket a handsome silver watch, inscribed with Tom's name, and the date of Eva's accident.

"Indeed, sir," said Tom, "it was nothing—it was simply my duty. It is not worth thinking about." Yet he looked very pleased when Eva put the watch into his hand. And he wears it, I think, to this day.

"Dear papa," said Eva, as they walked home, "how good of you to have thought of this for me! What can I do to show you how much I thank you?"

"Don't go tumbling into the water any more, missie," said papa.

EVA DALE.

THE PIANO TUNER.

THERE is Mr. Burgman, who has come to tune the piano. He is trying it to see what is the matter with it, just as the doctor feels your pulse and looks at your tongue when you are not well. For Mr. Burgman is the piano-doctor. He finds that there is one note quite dumb, that will not make any sound at all. That is because baby was thumping away at it yesterday, I think.

Pianos will not bear being ill-treated, any more than little boys and girls; only they would, I am sure, cry out if they were hurt, whereas poor piano gets quite silent instead. Did you ever see the piano tuned?

When the top is taken off, you can see all the little hammers dancing up and down, like a regiment of tiny soldiers.

If you will be very quiet indeed, I dare say Mr. Burgman will let you stay in the room to see what he does; but if you make the least noise, he will not be able to tune the piano properly. But I think, that when he has finished putting the piano to rights, he will play you a tune, if you ask him very prettily.

THE PIANO-TUNER.

MAGDALEN'S PETS.

I DARE say you have, all of you, some pet animal,—kitten, a dog, or a bird. I hope so: for it is a good thing for children to be taught kindness and thoughtfulness, by having some little creature dependent upon their care and attention. Almost every animal will become tame and docile, if it is kindly treated and made much of. People have even made pets of such things as spiders and wasps! But I would not advise you to take a fancy to a pet wasp, because, I think, he might perhaps sting you before you had tamed him. Magdalen's pets were a pair of pretty white pigeons. They knew her quite well, and they would always fly to meet her when she went into the garden. But the funniest thing was, to watch them listening to her playing and singing; they liked it so much. Often, to please her little brother and sister, she would take her guitar out into the garden, and the moment she began to strike the notes and to sing in her low, sweet voice, the pigeons would come swooping and circling round her, nearer and nearer, until at last one of them would perch upon her shoulder, and sit there, looking as wise as possible, with his head on one side, listening to the music.

MAGDALEN'S PETS.

THE AYAH.

MRS. MORGAN has just come from India with her little girl Nina, her baby, and Indian nurse, or ayah, as they are called. That is the ayah holding the baby. Is she not curiously dressed? You see she has no shoes or stockings on. She would think them very much in the way, just as we should think her long, clinging veil very troublesome.

She is not white, as we are, nor is she quite black like a negro; but her skin is a sort of dark brown.

She thinks England a very strange place; and so does little Nina—for though she was here when she was a baby, she cannot remember that, you know. And she cannot in the least recollect Auntie Fanny, whom they have all come to see, though Auntie Fanny says she knew her quite well years ago, when Nina was just beginning to walk, and Auntie Fanny used to sing her to sleep.

Nina's shyness will soon wear off, I think, and she and Auntie Fanny will be as great friends as ever; but just now Nina is glad to keep very close to her dear old ayah. Next to mamma, of course, she loves her better than anyone in the world.

THE AYAH.

SHRIMPING.

THESE boys and girls have been shrimping. I dare say they are very tired, for they have been all the hot afternoon wading along in the soft, wet sand; but I think they have had a good catch, for the basket that Nanny is carrying seems very heavy. They will take them to market now to sell.

If you have ever been to the seaside, you have, I dare say, often had shrimps with your tea; and you have, no doubt, seen people shrimping too.

They walk along the sands when the tide is far out, pushing these nets in front of them through the sandy shallow water, and the foolish little shrimps swim into the net, and never think for a moment that they are going to be caught, and boiled, and eaten.

Have you ever seen shrimps alive? They are such pretty little things—not pink and brown, as they are when you have them for tea; but quite white and transparent.

There are many of them in the beautiful aquarium at the Crystal Palace. I think you would like to see them paddling along with all their little legs going, they move so gracefully.

SHRIMPING.

THE LOST CHILD.

THIS poor little girl is lost. It is the day of the Queen's Drawing-room, and Polly came to the Park with brother Johnnie to see all the Queen's lords and ladies go by, with their feathers and jewels, in their beautiful carriages with the prancing horses. But somehow, in the crowd and excitement, Polly let go Johnnie's hand, and now, when she looks round, he is nowhere to be seen. She runs about in a hopeless sort of way, calling for him; and then she stands still, and bursts out crying. A policeman sees her, and stops to question her; and a kind-faced old lady, leading a little dog with a chain, takes great interest in the frightened child. "Where do you live, my dear?" she asks. "If you will tell me, I will take you home." Unfortunately, Polly cannot answer. She does not know where she lives. She only knows that she is "Polly," and that brother Johnnie brought her to the Park. Quite a little crowd collects around her; and at every question that is asked her, Polly's sobs redouble. At last, to her great joy and relief, brother Johnnie is seen running towards her. He is almost as frightened as she is. Polly bounds into his arms, and then all her troubles are at an end.

THE NEW BABY.

WHAT an ever-fresh wonder and delight is the new baby! What a tiny, helpless creature he is! Is it not curious to think that one of these days he will be a big man like papa. And to think too that once upon a time you were just such a wee baby! And you have kept on growing and growing ever since. Yet no one ever saw you grow. We get up in the morning, and look at our pet rose tree or geranium, and say, "Oh, see, here is another flower come out in the night;" but nobody could ever say of a little boy or girl, "Why, Polly," or "Tom, you are an inch taller than you were yesterday." We cannot see you grow, but we know that you do grow; and we hope that you grow good as well as big.

CAROLINE'S TASK.

CAROLINE was not a good-tempered child. This morning, because she could not learn her spelling, she actually tore a page out of her book, and threw it on the floor! Miss Strickland was very much displeased, and set her another page to learn as a punishment. "I will give you half-an-hour to learn it in," she said. But the half-hour is just over, and Caroline has not yet begun her task. "There is Miss Strickland coming," whispers sister Ethel. When she hears Miss Strickland's footstep, Carry sets to work at once. D-o-o-r, door; d-o-s-e, dose. But I am afraid she cannot know her lesson in time now. What a pity she did not begin trying half-an-hour ago!

HANGING THE HOLLY.

OF all times in the year Christmas is the happiest and merriest. We are such a large party. The boys are home from school; and Uncle Percy comes to stay with us, and he is such a dear uncle. He brings us all Christmas presents, and takes us to the pantomime, and makes us laugh from morning till night!

On Christmas Eve we hang up the holly. What fun it is! Gerty generally does that, because she is so tall. Besides, she has such good taste, and knows exactly where it will look well — though Uncle Percy will teaze her all the time, and tell her that her wreaths are crooked. He is so lazy, that he will not do anything himself; he only laughs at other people.

Last Christmas we were more than usually merry, I think, because we were so glad to see dear Bertie among us again after her long illness, although she was still very thin and pale, and only able to sit quite quietly in the arm-chair by the fire without moving. She is quite strong now, and this Christmas will be able to help us with our decorations; and we are going to write "A merry Christmas," in holly letters, all across the hall.

HANGING THE HOLLY.

GOING TO BED.

"NOW, children, say good night, and be off to bed," said mamma. "Poppy hasn't put away her 'pilikins,'" objected little Gerald, who was sitting on the hearthrug, with his toes to the fire. Poppy had been playing a game of spilikins with papa; but when mamma spoke, she jumped up and began putting them away at once, for she was a good little girl, and always did what she was bid. Then she went to papa.

"Good night, my little pet; God bless you," he said, putting his arms round her, and kissing her fondly.

"Now, Gerald!" said mamma again.

"Oh! mamma, I don't want to go to bed," whimpered the little boy. "Did you hear me speak?" asked mamma, rather severely. Then Gerald turned over on the floor, and began scrambling after something. "Get up, Gerald; what is it?" "I've lost my shoe. I can't go to bed without my shoe, mamma." But mamma knew he was only making believe, and began to be quite displeased; and the end of it all was, that mamma said, "To-morrow evening Gerald will not come down-stairs at all, but must stay in the nursery." Then Gerald wished he had done as he was told.

GOING TO BED.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.—I.

JIM was the shepherd's little son. He lived in a lonely cottage, far up among the hills. His father had a large flock of sheep to look after; and very hard work it was sometimes, to collect them all from their wanderings over the heather-covered slopes. Jim was a very useful boy. He would often take charge of his little brother and baby sister, and keep them amused for hours while his mother was busy. He was the gentlest and kindest nurse possible. He knew, besides, how to nurse the sheep when they were ailing. The squire's little daughters were quite surprised one day to find him doctoring a sick sheep, as if it had been a child. He knew exactly what would do it good, and the sheep seemed to know that he knew, and took its medicine beautifully.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.—II.

ONE day, the squire was walking over the moor, and came across Jim. Remembering that his little daughter had spoken of him as a clever, good lad, he stopped and spoke. Jim was busily poring over an old book; but when he saw the squire, he jumped up from the ground where he had been lying, and pulled off his cap. "Are you the shepherd's son?" asked the squire. "Yes, sir. Do you want father? Shall I fetch him? He is but down in the dale?" said Jim, pointing as he spoke, and never thinking that the squire could possibly want him. "No," said the squire, smiling. "It is you I want, Jim." Then the squire asked Jim what he was reading. And Jim showed him the old Bible open at the twenty-third Psalm. (I wonder if you know what that is?) "I'm scarcely reading, squire. I'm a bit puzzled yet to make out the words," said poor Jim. When the squire found that Jim had taught himself the alphabet, and was trying to teach himself to read, he was very pleased with him, and offered to send him to school, if he would like to go. "Aye, that indeed I should!" said Jim, with a very bright face. So Jim went to school; and I think you will like to know that he grew up to be a good and clever man.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

TICKLING PAPA.

PAPA has been dozing by the fire, with pussy on a chair by his side. Papa has a book on his knee. But it is no good, papa, your pretending to say that you have been reading, because folks don't read with their eyes shut, nor do they make funny little grunting noises every now and then; do they, papa? Or is papa only pretending to sleep, that baby may have the fun of waking him up? Who knows?

"Let us go and wake papa up, baby," says mamma. They creep very very softly to the back of papa's chair.

"Now then, very gently give papa a little tickle on the top of his head." Papa grunts, but does not move. "Now again, baby."

"What big fly is that tickling the top of my head?" says papa, in a deep bass voice, without moving.

"Once again, baby." But this time papa catches the little chubby fingers in his hand. He is quite awake now.

"I've caught you, you rogue," he says; and getting up, he takes baby in his arms, and, by way of punishment, tosses her up to the ceiling and back a dozen times, with a great kiss between each toss.

TICKLING PAPA.

FIRE-PICTURES.

"WHAT are you two children about?" asked Mrs. Ashley, coming into the room just at dusk, and finding Amy and little Fred seated on two stools just in front of the fire.

"We are making fire-pictures, mother; come and see," said Amy. "Making what?" said her mother, coming to look rather anxiously. "I hope you are not getting into mischief." "No, no, mother; but do look. There is a mountain all on fire, with people going up it, just like Vesuvius." "People could not go up it if it was burning," interrupted Fred, who was practical. "Yes, they can; they go up and look into the hole at the top, where all the fire comes out of; don't they, mother?" "Then it must be very hot and horrid, I'm sure," broke in Freddy again. "Oh, do be quiet, Fred. There, now, my beautiful mountain has disappeared; but see what a lovely castle, all silver and gold, and there's a moat round it! When I am a princess, that's the kind of place I shall live in. Do you see, Freddy?" "Yes," said Freddy. "But will you be a princess when you are grown up, Amy?" "Oh, Freddy, you are too tiresome," said Amy; "you won't imagine anything!"

FIRE PICTURES.

THE TWO BIRTHDAYS.

MY birthday and grandmother's come on the same day—the first of July. Isn't that funny? So on that day we generally have a grand treat. Grannie lets me choose what we shall do, for she always thinks a great deal more of pleasing us than she does of pleasing herself. "So long as you are happy, I am sure to be happy, too, children," she often says. I don't think there is anybody in the whole world half so kind or so unselfish as our grannie. I often wish I were old, as she is, because then I might hope to be good and unselfish too. But I was going to tell you about our last birthday.

It was such a lovely day, and we had a delightful afternoon in the wood. We all rode there on donkeys, which was great fun, as you may imagine; and when we got there, we lay about on the soft turf and picked flowers, and were as delightfully lazy as any boys and girls could wish to be on a July afternoon. Of course grannie did not ride on a donkey. She and Aunt Bessie had a donkey-chaise to themselves. Nor did grannie lie on the grass, because she was rather afraid of taking cold; but I am quite sure she enjoyed herself too, because she saw how happy we were.

THE TWO MUTMDAYS.

WATCHING FOR FATHER.

Moderato.

1. Oh! fa - ther, dear fa - ther, what keeps you so late? Long,
2. Now far in the dis - tance the breeze bears a - long The

long I've been watch-ing out here at the gate; Wait - ing and hop - ing your
sound of a foot - step, a scrap of a song; Loud - er, now faint - er, yes

foot - steps to hear, And the whis - tle that tells me my
now I can hear The whis - tle that tells me my

fa - ther is near, And the whis - tle that tells me my fa - ther is near.
fa - ther is near, The whis - tle that tells me my fa - ther is near.

"WATCHING FOR FATHER."

THE SHOWMAN AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER.

POOR Punch-and-Judy man has fallen fast asleep. He is very tired; for Punch-and-Judy playing, though it may be very amusing to little boys and girls, is almost trying work to the actor behind the scenes. Mr. and Mrs. Punch-and-Judy shouted themselves, or rather their master, quite hoarse at the last village they passed through, to the great delight of the young folks. Since then the showman has had a long tramp through the hot dust of the roads, carrying his big show-box on his back, until he is quite tired out. Now he has found a green, shady little spot just off from the road, where he thinks it will be pleasant to rest for an hour. So he has thrown himself down upon the long, soft grass, and in almost less than no time is fast asleep and snoring. Toby, the dog, is curled up somewhere, you may be sure, fast asleep like his master. The only one of the party awake and stirring is little Dinah. She is not so tired as her father because, though she too has walked a long way, she has not had anything heavy to carry as he has. So she sits and watches beside him while he sleeps, and when his heavy, measured breathing begins to make the reed-pipes, which are tucked into his coat-collar, sound, little Dinah takes them gently away, lest the noise should wake him.

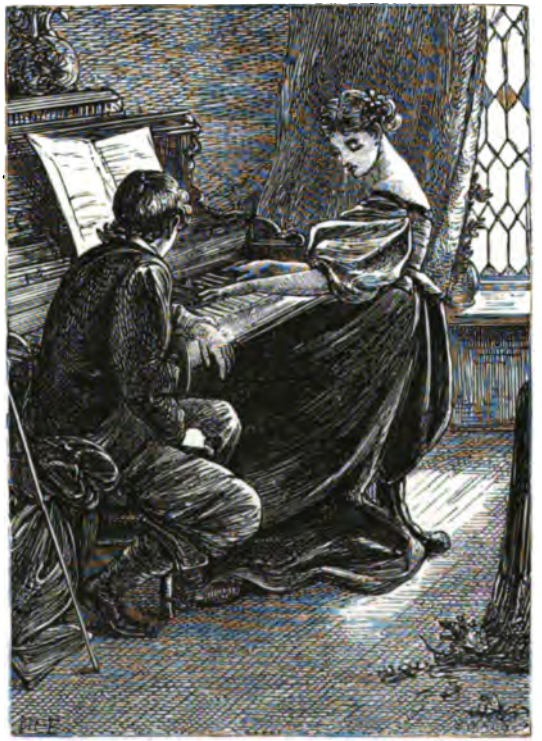
THE SHOWMAN AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER.

RIDING MAMMA.

RIDING mamma to meet papa! What fun it is! May shouts, "Gee-up, mamma," as they go down the garden. It is a lovely spring day, but the paths are a little wet. That is why mamma will not let May run along in her thin shoes. Mamma tucks up her dress, and does not mind. But May is rather a heavy burden for poor mamma's back. At least so papa says when he comes across the field. "It is time you had a fresh horse," he says, taking her and tossing her on his broad shoulder. Little May, quite willing, laughs and shouts, "Gee-up, papa!" and the three trot merrily home together.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

THIS brother has been away from his sister for a long, long while, and he has only just come home. He has been to China, and has seen the men with pigtails and the ladies with tiny little feet. He has been to Egypt, and climbed the pyramids. He has seen all sorts of curious animals on his travels—the camel, the elephant, and the tiger. Now he is back home again, and he is asking his sister to sing him a song which he used to be very fond of years and years ago. This is how it begins:—

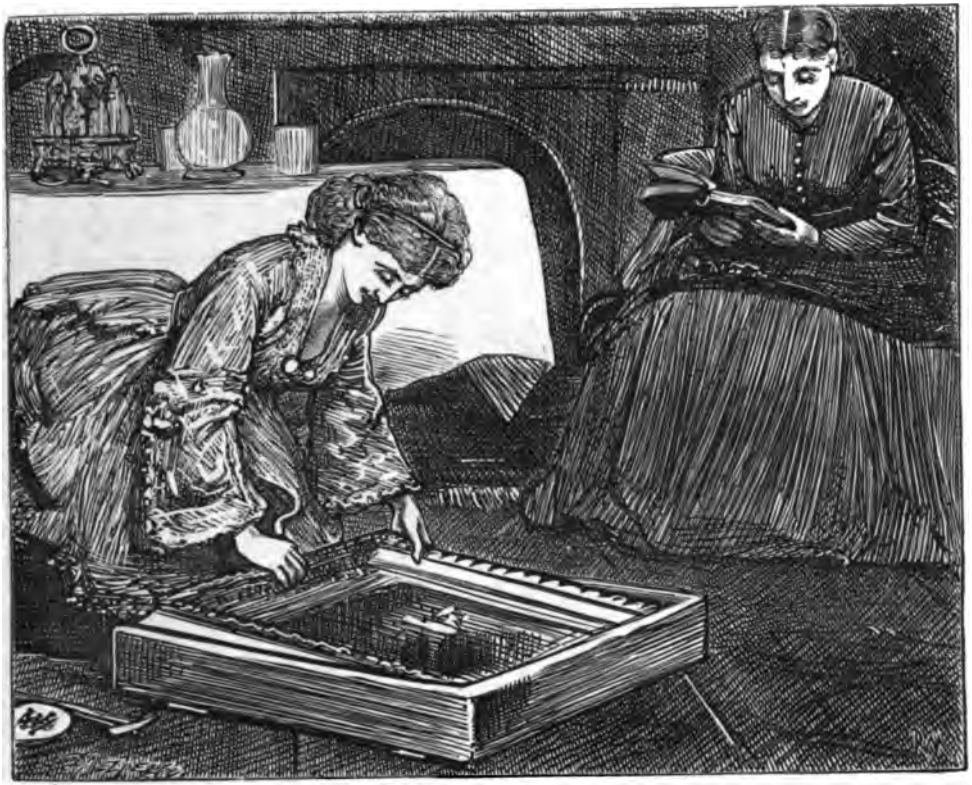


"'Mid pleasures and palaces where-e'er we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

GRANDMAMMA'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

TO-MORROW will be grandmamma's birthday, and as she is in the country, and cannot spend it with us, as she generally does, we are sending her off a huge packet of birthday presents by train, so that she may have them the first thing to-morrow morning. Don't you like having birthday presents? I suppose you have a birthday sometimes.

And next to having a birthday oneself, don't you think it is nicest for other people to have birthdays—people one is fond of, that is—and to send them presents, and to fancy how pleased they will be? I am sure grandmamma will be pleased, because what do you think mamma is sending her? It is a picture of her own painting—a very lovely picture. It's a pity you can't see it properly, or I am sure you would think so. And the frame is all gold. Then Auntie Edith is going to send a book with all our photographs in it for *her* present, and I am sure grandmamma will like that. Auntie has been all the morning arranging them in the book. And what do you think I am going to give grandmamma? Why, a purse that I have knitted very nearly all myself. Don't you think that grandmamma will be pleased?



GRANDMAMMA'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

COUSIN OLIVE.

IT is more than a year ago now since Cousin Olive came to stay with us. Of course we had no idea what she would be like, for she had never been in England, and so she had never seen any of us.

It was so funny at first to think that she was our cousin, and yet that we did not know her. But we soon got to know her, and to love her dearly.

She is very clever. She can speak ever so many languages; and she makes us laugh sometimes by talking Italian and Spanish to us. It does sound *such* gibberish; but Cousin Olive says it is not a bit more gibberish than English is.

Then Cousin Olive plays and sings so beautifully, that it is quite a treat to hear her. Lately she has played the harmonium in church every Sunday. So every Saturday afternoon we have a grand practising of hymns—that is, all of us but me. I am not allowed to sing, because it makes my throat sore; but I am very fond of going into the school-room to listen. I like to hear all their voices blending together; but I always think Cousin Olive's sounds the prettiest. She says that is only because she is singing the first part, which has the most tune in it.

COUSIN OLIVE

GARDENING.

I WONDER whether you enjoy a garden. By that I do not mean just walking about the paths, or sitting on the grass in fine weather—though that is delightful enough in its way. But I am quite sure that the real enjoyment of a garden is to work in it yourself—to dig, and rake, and sow the seeds. Then how anxiously you look for the first little bit of green that peeps out of the brown earth; with what intense interest you watch the unfolding of each shoot or flower! If you have never tried a little gardening quite on your own account, and if papa and mamma have a garden at all, I would, if I were you, ask papa to let you have one little corner all to yourself, to plant, and water, and sow your seeds in. Only, I hope you will not be like a little boy I knew, who a few days after he had sown his seeds, raked them all up again to see if they were growing. That was a funny way of gardening, was it not?

If you would have your garden really to look nice, you must be not only industrious, but also patient. And above all things, constant. For if you neglect to feed your poor little plants, they will certainly die, just as you would if you had no food given to you.

GARDENING.

THE FAIRY CHILD.—I.

ONCE upon a time an honest woodcutter and his wife lived in a little cottage in the depths of an immense forest. They had one little daughter, and they would have liked very much to have a little son too; but no other child came to them, until one evening, just as Olaf was setting off on an errand for his wife to the nearest village, almost at his own doorway he stumbled over a large parcel—or rather, he would have stumbled over it, but for a very bright light that seemed to come from it. At first he thought it must be a gigantic glowworm. But when he took it up and found that it was really a brown paper parcel, he took it in to his wife. "See what it is, Mary," said he. Then they undid it; and when they had taken off about three hundred and seventy-eight wrappings, some of silver, some of gold, and some of silk and stuff, they found—a dear little baby boy. As soon as he saw them he began to laugh and crow, while a soft strain of music seemed to go through the cottage, the fire burned suddenly brighter, and threw deep shadows on the wall, and sweet faces might have been seen peeping in through the windows and doors. if anybody had thought of looking for them. There was no doubt about it. It was a fairy child.

THE FAIRY CHILD.

THE FAIRY CHILD.—II.

TIME went on, and little Bertram, as Olaf and his wife called the fairy child, grew, and indeed behaved altogether very much as other children do; only he was a very sweet, dear little boy. Everyone who knew him loved him; but Ella, the woodman's little daughter, loved him the best of all. She was his constant companion and dear sister, and whatever he proposed to do, she was always pleased to agree to: for he never wished to do anything that was naughty. So one day, when he said, "I am tired, Ella, of this dull forest; let us find the way to fairyland," Ella at once said, "Certainly, dear Bertram. Only I don't see how we are to find it, as we have not learned geography, and we have not got a map of the country." "Never mind that," returned Bertram; "we shall probably meet some one who can direct us." So they went on and on, and at last they met an old woman, of whom they asked the way to fairyland. "It is rather difficult to find, I believe, my dears," she said; "but if you will go on straight through the forest, and repeat your multiplication table fifteen hundred times over as you go along, I think you will be sure to find the magic path that will lead you where you want to go."

THE FAIRY CHILD.

THE FAIRY CHILD.—III.

THEY thanked the old woman, and went on their way; but as neither of them knew their multiplication table beyond three times seven, they very much feared they would never be able to find the path she talked of. Of course they did not know that the old woman was telling them all wrong, and that fairyland was much nearer than they imagined. At length, however, they sat down to rest at the foot of a tree. And as Bertram began by this time to be very tired, Ella took him in her arms. "Rest, dear Bertram," she said; "meanwhile, I will look out for any passers-by, and ask them the way to fairyland." "Very well," said Bertram, and went to sleep immediately. So did Ella. For you must know this was the enchanted tree, which is the real door of fairyland; though, of course, it was quite by chance that the children had lighted on it. Shall I tell you what Ella dreamed? She dreamed that a host of lovely fairies came, and carried her and Bertram off to fairyland, in a golden car drawn by white swans. And I only wish I could properly describe to you all the beautiful things she saw. But I myself have never been to fairyland. I think the best plan would be to ask some one who has been there, to tell you all about it. But the worst part of Ella's dream was its ending. For when

THE FAIRY CHILD.

after a while she said to Bertram, "Now, dear, I think we must go home," the fairies told Ella that she might go home to her mother at once, but that Bertram must stay with them. This was a sad blow for Ella. And when she woke, she found herself lying under the apple-tree close by the woodcutter's cottage, far from fairyland, and quite alone—no Bertram to be seen anywhere. It was a long time before Ella could really understand what had happened. Then she sat up, and cried as if her heart would break. "Why did the fairies not keep me too?" she said. But just then she heard her mother's voice in the cottage, and jumped up. "What a selfish girl I am, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "How could I think of leaving my dear mother and father alone, even for the sake of fairyland! How they will miss Bertram." And so they did. For a while they grieved sadly after him; but perhaps no one really missed him so much as Ella did. As she went her solitary way through the forest with her pitcher to the moss-grown well, she liked to think of Bertram, and to recall all the happy days they used to have together. If sometimes she felt a little inclined to be jealous of the fairies for claiming him so soon, she would stop, and thinking it all over again, would blame herself for selfishness. For she felt quite sure of one thing at least, that Bertram must be happy in that lovely land, of which she herself

had had a glimpse. And at such times a strain of low, sweet music would greet her ear. And listening, Ella

would smile, for she knew that even in fairyland Bertram was thinking of her.

KIND MRS. LEE.

MRS. LEE has brought some nice jelly in her little basket for this poor sick child, whose mother is not able to afford such delicacies for her. Mrs. Lee is a kind, good woman. She does not go on all her life enjoying herself, and having everything she can possibly want or fancy, without giving a thought to others who have not all these comforts. It is what many of us do, I am afraid; but it is very wrong: for God bids us *remember* the poor; which, of course, means that we should think of them, and do all we can to help them. "I hope," says Mrs. Lee, as she undoes her basket, "that Susy will like a little of this jelly. My little girl sent it to her." And then Mrs. Lee tells Susy how sorry her little daughter Constance was, to hear about the sick child who could eat nothing, and how, when she had some nice jelly brought her at her own dinner to-day, she begged that it might be taken to Susy instead. "Will you try and eat a spoonful or two?" Mrs. Lee asks Susy. And Mrs. Lee is pleased to see how the little invalid's eyes brighten at sight of the nourishing food. But, I think, it was the kindness of Mrs. Lee and her little daughter, which made the jelly seem so very nice to Susy.

KIND MRS. LEE.

PRAYING IN THE MOONLIGHT.

WHAT can Clare be doing kneeling there so sadly in the moonlight? Her work has dropped from her hand—her eyes are closed. Can she be asleep? No. I think she must be praying. Ah! that is it. Listen! Can you not hear the wind howling and moaning round the house, and beating against it?—although the moon is shining so brightly. And Clare is a sailor's sister. She is thinking of her dear brother, far away at sea, whose return she has been so long and anxiously expecting. Terrible thoughts of danger—of shipwreck, keep coming into her mind. She is not usually so cowardly. It would not do for a sailor's sister to tremble at every wind that blows. But to-night her heart is very sad and fearful. She is doing the best possible thing. She is taking her trouble to One who is mightier than all the winds and waves. She is praying—very earnestly—so earnestly that she does not hear the sound of footsteps upon the gravel. But, look up, Clare, look up! Whose face is that even now smiling at you through the casement. Even before you called, God answered, for He has sent you your dear brother home safe and sound.

PRAYING IN THE MOONLIGHT.

STIRRING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

ROUNDABOUT, Roundabout, stir. Do you know how to make a pudding? If not, you had much better learn as soon as possible. Because, suppose you were cast ashore on a desert island, like Robinson Crusoe, what would you do if you couldn't make your own puddings? However, the stirring is the great secret, I assure you—as Kitty and Mary and Alice know quite well, for they have all come into the kitchen on Christmas Eve to give the pudding a stir.

Of course you know that everyone in the house must stir a Christmas pudding, or all sorts of misfortunes might occur.

It might turn out to be very bad, or it might not turn out at all, which would be even worse—or, the wrong person might get the thimble. For it is a fact, that a thimble, a crooked sixpence, a gold ring, and a bachelor's button, grow as naturally as plums in every Christmas pudding!

So I would advise you next Christmas Day to eat your pudding cautiously. If you swallowed a thimble without knowing it, it might perhaps disagree with you!

STIRRING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

THE BRICKLAYER AND HIS DOG.

THIS poor man is in the hospital. He has been ill, very ill indeed. He is a bricklayer, and while he was at work one day, he fell off a ladder and hurt his leg very badly. But he is getting better now, and his old mother has come up from the country on purpose to pay him a visit at the hospital. She has brought Snap, too, to see his master. Snap is by no means a pretty dog; but there is an old saying, "Handsome is as handsome does." Perhaps you never heard of it: but it means that so long as we are kind and good, it does not so very much matter whether we are handsome or ugly. Our friends will like us more for what we do, than for what we are. And this applies very much to the case of Snap. He is a very faithful old dog, and not by any means snappish to his master, whatever he may be to other folks. See how gravely he sits there on the bed, afraid to stir, for he quite understands that something is the matter. He will not like going away again; and I should be sorry for the person who tried to disturb him; but directly his master tells him to go, he will get down and trot away as quickly as possible.

THE BRICKLAYER AND HIS DOG.

THE VAIN LITTLE GIRL.

FANNY is a very pretty little girl, but I am sorry to say that she is vain of her beauty, I need hardly tell you how silly this is, because, as she did not make herself, it is no credit at all to her that she is pretty.

She is very vain, too, of her clothes. She has on a new frock to-day; and as she walks about the garden, she is actually showing it to the flowers. Is she not a silly little girl? What do you think the roses would say if they could speak? I think they would say, "Why, Fanny, if you had on the most splendid dress that ever was made, you could not be clothed in half such beautiful garments as we are." Do you remember who said that Solomon the king, in all his purple and gold, was not so well arrayed as the simple lily of the field?

THE CARELESS LITTLE GIRL.

WINIFRED was not by any means a naughty girl. She was not idle or disobedient; but she often got the credit of being both. She had one fault, which was always getting her into trouble. She was careless. If she was sent with a message, she as often as not forgot to deliver it, or gave it wrongly. She never knew where anything was, and forgot the very things she ought most to have remembered. Constantly at school she forgot what lessons had been given her to learn, or lost her books, and so got into disgrace. That is what has happened now. Her copy-book is nowhere to be seen; and as it is by no means the first time this has occurred, Mr. Steel, the writing-master, is so angry, that he has sent Winifred out of the room.

GRANDPAPA'S GEOGRAPHY.

"WELL, Patty, how did the lessons get on this morning?" asked grandpapa one day, when she and little Frank were spending the afternoon at the vicarage.

"Oh, pretty well, grandpapa. We had geography to-day; and I do think, of all lessons, that is the most difficult and uninteresting."

"What is geography?" asked little Frank, who was too young to go to school, or do lessons yet.

"Oh, Franky!" returned Patty, in a miserable tone of voice. "It's learning a lot of dreadful names of mountains and things you never heard of, and can't remember when you *have* heard."

Franky looked awed and puzzled, and felt evidently thankful that he had nothing to do with such matters.

"Come, come, Patty. Don't be so hard upon the poor geographers," said grandpapa, smiling. "Run and fetch my atlas, and see if we cannot find out something interesting."

Patty did as grandpapa bade her, and they set to work to find out on the map, all the places they would have to pass through, in going round the world.

And grandpapa had so much to tell about each place that was interesting and delightful, that Patty could hardly believe it really was tea-time when the bell rang. "I will never abuse geography again," she said.

GRANDPAPA'S GEOGRAPHY.

A LETTER FROM MY LITTLE BOY.

THIS mamma has just received a letter from her son Harry, who is at school. She is very pleased to have it. Would you like to hear what he says?

"MY DEAREST MAMMA,

"I hope you are very well. I am getting on famously, and I have begun to learn Latin, but I don't know many words yet. Yesterday the pond was frozen over, and we went out on the ice. I am learning to skate; but I cannot do it very well yet. I tumbled down twice yesterday; but as I did not hurt myself much, I did not mind. My great friend here is called Reggie. He is so clever. He showed us all how to make a snow-man the other day. We made him very tall indeed, with a cocked hat; and we put a pipe in his mouth. He has hardly begun to melt at all yet—only the tip of his nose and a bit of his hat.

"There are only three weeks now to the holidays. Hurrah! We are all beginning to count the days. How glad I shall be to see you, dearest mamma, and how much I shall have to tell you. I hope I shall get a prize.

"Always your loving son,

"HARRY."

A LETTER FROM MY LITTLE BOY.

AT THE FARM.

THE children are spending a day at the farm. Of course they go to see the cows milked, and have each a glass of new milk. Generally there is something new to be seen: a brood of chickens, or a family of young rabbits. Then there are the pigs to visit; and there is always dear old Rover to romp with. He is the kindest and best tempered old dog in the world, and does not care what you do with him.

Of course the new pets get a great deal of attention, and Rover is apt on these occasions to be a little jealous. But don't be unhappy, dear Rover! You know, after all, the children really like you best, and in a minute or two they will be tired of petting the rabbits, and will be ready for a nice game with you. You are so sensible, that you can understand all I say, can you not?

RESTING.

LITTLE Arthur has gone to the seaside with his mamma, because he has not been well lately, and she thinks the bright sea air will do him good. They have been spending a long, delicious morning on the sands. Arthur has found a great many pretty shells, in each of which, his mamma tells him, a little fish once lived. They have also found some red and white cornelians, and a piece of real jet. So they have been very fortunate.

"Now, Arthur, you had better rest a little, and I will read to you," says mamma.

Arthur lies down, and puts his head on her lap, and is very cosy indeed.

Then mamma reads to him about a little boy called Paul Dombey and his kind sister Flo, and how they used to walk by the seaside, and fancy that the waves were talking to them. Perhaps your mamma will tell you about them, if you ask her.

HOP-PICKING.

THESE people are all picking hops. Men and women, boys and girls—they are all very busy, you see. Each one can do something. And they are very merry too, laughing and talking and singing while they work. Busy people generally are merry. It is the idle people and the people who don't know how to employ themselves, who are sad.

Do you know what the hop is? It is a pretty climbing plant, that is trained to grow up on long poles, which are stuck in the ground at even distances from one another. The hops twist all about them, and hang down in the most graceful festoons. The hop is a useful as well as a pretty plant, and is cultivated on that account. In some parts of England—Kent especially—there are fields and fields with nothing but hops, and these are called hop gardens.

When the hops are quite ripe, about August, they are all pulled down and dried. Then they are sent to the brewers to make beer.

Beer is made of hops and malt, boiled together, and fermented. Hops are very bitter; and malt is made from barley, and is very sweet.

HOP-PICKING.

DEW-DROPS.

ONLY rain in a tiny shower,
Dropped by a tiny hand;
Yet it cheered the face of the weary flower,
And shed fragrance o'er the land.

"Dear rose, poor rose," the little one said,
"You are faint with the heat to-day;
Let me bathe your pretty, tired head
With this refreshing spray."

Only the heart of a little child,
Lisping its lesson of love;
But a passing angel looked and smiled,
Ere he winged his flight above.

MOTHERLESS.

POOR little Nelly has had a great sorrow—the greatest that any little girl could have! Her dear mamma has died. Nelly loved her very dearly; and all the world seems empty and sad without her. She no longer has the heart to play, or even to read or work, as she used to do.

The only consolation she has, is to creep away alone to the churchyard, and to sit there crying and sobbing by the new-made grave, and talking to her mother as though she could still hear and answer her: until, perhaps, she falls asleep of very grief, as she has done now. Poor little Nelly! Do not disturb her, children, as she sleeps upon the grave. She is happiest so. Perhaps she is dreaming of her mother!

THE FLOWER-GIRLS.

GAY London is not yet awake. The streets and squares are all mute and undisturbed in the early summer sunshine. Half the blinds and shutters are still unopened; and lazy little boys and girls, most of them, are lying asleep in their cosy little beds. But the flower-girls were up and at work hours ago. They have been to Covent Garden Market, to buy their little stock of roses, pinks, and mignonette. If they had not been early, the best and freshest would have been gone. As it is, Mary thinks they have some very nice flowers to-day. She is sitting on a door-step, sorting and arranging them into little bunches, while poor, pale Bessie rests for a while. Bessie so soon gets tired.

"Lean against me, dear," Mary says. Mary is the eldest of the sisters, and a sort of mother to the other two. "Now then, Kitty, give me that rose," she goes on. "Don't shake the leaves off with your pranks."

Kitty is a wild child, and always full of fun and nonsense. Besides, she likes to make Bessie smile. She has stuck the rose in her hair, and has been parading up and down the pavement. "Look, look, Bessie! Am I not exactly like a grand lady at a party?" she cries.

Bessie has never seen a grand lady at a party; but she glances at her sister lovingly. "I think you look very pretty?" she says.

THE FLOWER GIRLS.

READING TO OLD MRS. BROWN.

MISS LESLIE is reading a chapter in the Bible to poor old Mrs. Brown, whose eyes are too dim to read for herself. Kind Miss Leslie comes nearly every day to see Mrs. Brown, and to read to her, for she knows what pleasure her visits give.

When you are able to read nicely, I hope you will always be willing to give pleasure to other people by reading to them. You will be able to amuse your little brothers and sisters, and keep them quiet when nurse is busy, or mamma has a headache. And perhaps you will be able to soothe and comfort some poor sick person, by reading to them, as this lady is doing. I once knew quite a little girl who used to go every day and read to an old blind woman. It is wonderful how useful and helpful to others little children can be when they like.

Poor Mrs. Brown looks out very eagerly every morning for Miss Leslie, and would be sadly disappointed if she did not come. "I should miss my glimpse of heaven, then," she says. For it is of heaven she likes best to hear, because she hopes so soon, so very soon, to be there. While Miss Leslie reads, she likes to close her eyes, for then she seems to be already within sight of the golden city and the gates of pearl.

READING TO OLD MRS. BROWN.

THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

DO you know what this is the picture of? It is the deck of a ship. You can see one of the masts, and part of a sail. And there is the stewardess standing at the top of the cabin stairs, and the captain giving orders to a sailor. All these people have just started off on a very long voyage. They are going to a beautiful country far over the sea, called Australia. But it will take them weeks to get there, though the ship will go on night and day without even stopping. I wonder how you would like such a long voyage. I think it cannot be very pleasant sometimes, when the ship rolls about very much, and the waves dash over the deck. But now it is a fine bright day, and it is delightful to feel the quick movement of the vessel through the clear blue water! Everyone seems cheerful and happy, except that one poor lady with the little sick baby.

Agnes, the little girl who is standing there at the side, has just asked her father to go and speak to the poor lady. She looks so sad and lonely that Agnes is quite sorry for her. "Perhaps she'll let me nurse the baby a little presently," Agnes thinks, "and I'm sure if anybody *can* cheer her up, father will. He is so good and kind."

THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

FLOSSY'S LOST HAT.

"WHAT is the matter? what are you crying about?" asked Mrs. Hancock, the kind farmer's wife, with whom Flossy and her brother Richard were staying, while their papa and mamma were in Germany. "And what have you done with your hat?"

"Richard threw it into a tree, and I can't get it," sobbed Flossy. "What made him do that, my dear?"

"I broke his rose tree." "Did you do it on purpose?" "Yes," said Flossy, stoutly.

"Oh! but that was very naughty indeed. Tell me, how was it?"

"He wouldn't let me help him rake his garden; and —so—I broke—the rose tree," said Flossy, jerking her words out between sobs.

"And then Richard threw your hat into the tree by way of revenge! Eh! Well, that would not mend his plant, I am afraid," said Mrs. Hancock.

Flossy sobbed still more. "If Richard will get me my hat, I will mend his tree," she said.

Mrs. Hancock smiled. "Ah, my little girl. It is much easier to do mischief than to mend it. All your regrets will not mend the broken rose tree. But let us go and tell Richard you are sorry for having spoilt his pet plant, and he will, I am sure, soon get you your hat."

FLOSSY'S LOST HAT.

THE SICK SISTER.

LOOK at this kind girl and boy. They are carrying their little lame sister in the chair which Carl has himself made for her. They are taking her into the garden, where she may see the pretty flowers and feel the soft breeze play upon her cheek. They lift her so gently and tenderly.

"It does not hurt you to move you so, dear Tessa, does it?" asks Carl, the brother.

"No, dear Carl; it is sweet and pleasant to me," says the little invalid.

Then Carl smiles, and presently tells Tessa of a plan which he and Marguerite have been concocting together, the wise heads! Now that Tessa is well enough to be so moved, they will carry her each day down the valley to the famous mineral baths. "Our good doctor says they will make you well in no time, little sister."

Tessa gives a faint, sweet little smile, and the pink colour comes up into her thin cheeks. "Ah, Carl, do you think I shall really get strong again?" she says. "But how heavy I shall be. How I shall tire you!"

"No fear of that, my little feather-weight," Carl answers; "at least for the present; but I hope you will soon get so strong and fat, that you will be a great. great deal too heavy to carry."

THE SICK SISTER.

GOOD-BYE.

"GOOD-BYE, my dear Kate," said my aunt, kissing me kindly. "Be a good girl; never forget to say your prayers, and speak the truth always."

I promised that I would remember what my aunt told me, but I could hardly speak for crying. To-morrow I was to go to school in France. It seemed a long, long way to go all alone, and I felt sure I should be very miserable. As it turned out, I was not at all miserable. I soon got quite at home, and was as happy as *possible*. But saying good-bye is always sad work.

OLD MARIE.

THIS is the picture of an old woman I used to be very fond of chatting to, when I was at school in France. She was the gate-keeper, and her favourite seat was a bench against the sunny side of the garden wall. There she was generally to be found, her busy needles click-clicking, and her tongue very often busy too. For she was famous as a story-teller. At playtime we girls used often to crowd round her, and listen to her stories. One story she was very fond of telling. Would you like to hear it?

OVER THE CLIFF.

"SHE was an English lady," Marie would say; "and as she walked one evening at dusk, along the cliff by the sea, her foot unhappily slipped, and in a moment she was sliding down the face of the rock at a fearful speed. Fortunately she did not reach the bottom where the waves were tossing wildly, or she would certainly have been drowned. As it was, she alighted half-way on a piece of rock, where there was just room for her to crouch. But what a position," Marie would exclaim, with uplifted hands, "if it had not been for my husband, honest man! He heard her scream, and hastening to the edge of the cliff, looked over. In a moment he had taken off the thick coat he wore, and by the aid of his fishing-line, lowered it to the lady.

"'Wrap that about you, Madame, and trust to Providence and me,' he shouted.

"Then he ran off to the village for help. He quickly returned, bringing with him two comrades, with ropes and a basket. Brave fellows both," Marie would say, "but it was my good man, Mademoiselle, who descended the rock, and bore the half-fainting lady in his arms to the summit. He had a brave heart, had my Jacques!" And so speaking, Marie would wipe away a tear from her almost sightless eyes.

OVER THE CLIFF.

THE TOMBOY.

MARIE would often tell us, too, about the English *Mees*, with the many brothers, as she called her, whose exploits in riding and climbing made her quite famous in the French fishing-village. She would vault over a gate, or climb a tree like any boy. But of all this her mamma, who was an invalid, knew very little.

"Well, so you have not yet broken that little neck of yours," said kind Dr. Delorme to Estelle jokingly one day, when he had been visiting her mamma. The poor lady started up quite alarmed.

"What has Estelle been doing?"

"Oh! nothing, mamma. I was only climbing up the pear tree after Ralph this morning."

"My dear child, how can you be so naughty?"

"Is it naughty to climb trees, mamma? Ralph and all the boys do, don't you, Ralph?" said Estelle appealing to her big brother; never thinking that boys may do many things that are not right for girls to do.

"I really must send you to school," said her mamma.

"And so she came to us, fortunately for her," Marie would say, "or I really think she would have turned into a cat or a monkey, instead of growing up into a young woman."

THE TOMBOY.

THE LITTLE ARTIST.

"PAPA, what can I do to amuse myself?" asked Margaret one day, "I am tired of playing with dolly."

"Suppose you draw something."

"What can I draw?"

"Draw me."

"No father, you are too big and too difficult."

"Come then," said her father, smiling, "I will draw you a windmill, and you can copy it."

Margaret liked that very much. She took great pains, and when done, took it to her father. "Is it well done, dear papa?"

"Yes. You have taken pains, I see; and if you go on taking pains, you may one of these days be a great artist instead of a little one." Margaret liked to hear her father praise her, and determined that she would!

DEAR ROBIN.

COME near, pretty Robin, come near,
Take a crumb from my hand; do not fear!
How can you think I would hurt you, dear bird,
When all your sweet notes through the summer I've heard!

Yes! The summer and autumn long
You cheered us with carol and song;
Now the snow lies white, and berries are few,
'Twould be cruel, indeed, if we would not cheer you

Poor dickie all out in the cold!
'Tis hunger that makes you so bold.
But now that you see I wish to be kind,
When you're wanting your breakfast, my window you'll find.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS QUITE POSITIVE.

CHARLOTTE'S mamma gave her a present of two dear little birds in a gilt cage. They sang beautifully, and Charlotte was delighted with them.

"Nobody must attend to them but me, mamma," she said, and I will teach them to be quite tame, and to come out of the cage on to my finger."

"Take care you don't leave the cage door open, and lose them altogether, my dear."

"Oh! I am quite positive I should never do that," said Charlotte. Charlotte was so often *quite positive* about things. But one unlucky day, about a week after, Charlotte carried her birds into the garden that she might hear their song, while she and her friend Violet were playing a game of croquet. She had just before been showing Violet how tame her pets were growing, and how they would hop on her hand as soon as she put it in the cage. But *she forgot to shut the door*. Violet was the first to find it out.

"Charlotte, the birds! the birds!" she cried; but before she could reach the cage—they had flown.

"Oh, my poor dears, who will pet and love you now?" sobbed Charlotte, the tears running down her cheeks.

Poor Charlotte! I don't think she was ever quite so positive again!

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS QUITE POSITIVE.

Printed by Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Limited, London and Aylesbury.

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

HAVE ISSUED

A SHILLING EDITION

OF

FROM LOG CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE,

THE STORY OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S LIFE.

By W. M. THAYER.

With Fine Steel Portrait. Hundred and Thirtieth Thousand.
This Shilling Edition is identical with the Edition previously issued at 1s. 6d.
Cloth Editions at 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. may also be had—suitable for Presents.

II.

Fifth Thousand, handsomely bound, 5s.

GEORGE WASHINGTON:

HIS BOYHOOD AND MANHOOD.

With Steel Portrait.

"The character of Washington was a very noble one, and his life may well be taken as an example by boys. The biography is written in a lively and pleasant tone, and without any of the dryness which is too often the accompaniment of this form of literature. While the details are all strictly historical, the characters are made to live and breathe."—*Standard.*

"Mr. Thayer has before this displayed exceptional skill as a biographer, and he repeats his success with the present volume. The story of Washington's life is told rather by means of a series of anecdotes and incidents than in the formal way generally adopted, and a very graphic and entertaining narrative is thus presented."—*Rock.*

III.

Tenth Thousand, handsomely bound, 5s., with Portrait.

THE PIONEER BOY, and HOW HE BECAME PRESIDENT:

THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Many of the details of this work were furnished by PRESIDENT LINCOLN himself, and by his early associates and friends.

"Mr. Thayer is not merely a biographer, a compiler of dry details, but he invests his subject with a halo of delightful romance, and the result is as pleasing as the most imaginative book of fiction. So cleverly has the author done his work, that the result is a combination of pictures from the life of this great man, with humorous anecdote and stirring narrative."—*Society.*

"The author has done his work thoroughly well, and the result is a book of exciting narrative, of humorous anecdote, and of lifelike portraiture."—*Daily Telegraph.*

IV.

Crown 8vo, cloth, handsomely bound, 3s. 6d.

TACT, PUSH, AND PRINCIPLE:

A BOOK FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO SUCCEED IN LIFE.

"A very interesting book, which may stimulate many a young nature of the ardently practical kind to steady and determined exertion."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"Few better books could be imagined for presenting to a youth on his entrance upon the duties of active life. We pity the young man who could read these pages without being wonderfully helped."—*Christian.*

LONDON: HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

BY L. T. MEADE, Author of "Scamp and I," etc., etc.

I.

HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND. With Six Illustrations. Handsomely bound, price 5s.

"It is a charming story. The characters are excellently drawn."—*Standard.*

"The story is worthy of the highest praise. Two heroines divide the interest between them, the 'poor Charlotte,' daughter of the widow whom her stepsons have so strangely deceived, and the 'rich Charlotte,' who, knowing nothing of the wrong, is in enjoyment of the ill-gotten wealth. Our sympathies waver between these two; and Miss Meade's art shows itself to the best advantage in the suspense which she thus contrives to maintain. The 'poor Charlotte's' unworldly husband, too, is a very fine character. Altogether, this is one of the best stories of the season."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

II.

HERMIE'S ROSEBUDS, and other Stories. With Illustrations. Handsomely bound, price 3s. 6d.

"A collection of short pieces by this gifted authoress, illustrative of the quickening and ennobling influence exerted even on the worst of men by children. The whole series is a powerful and pathetic illustration of the text, 'A little child shall lead them.' 'The Least of These' is a capital sketch, so is 'Jack Darling's Conqueror.'"—*Freeman.*

BY MISS M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," etc.

I.

FRIAR HILDEBRAND'S CROSS; or, The Monk of Tavystoke Abbaye. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"The volume is beautifully written, and never were the struggles of a true and faithful heart more touchingly depicted. The tenderness of the sentiment which binds the friar to Cicely is depicted with such exquisite refinement and delicacy that many a bright eye will be dimmed with tears in the perusal."—*Court Journal.*

II.

THE FLOWER OF THE GRASSMARKET. With Five Illustrations. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"There is a healthy moral tone of a very high order sustained throughout the work, and an easy grace and diction, which make it highly commendable."—*Edinburgh Daily Review.*

"A handsomely got-up volume. The story is admirably written. The reader never loses interest in the fortunes of the various characters in it."—*Sheffield Independent.*

LONDON: HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

BY MISS DOUDNEY.

I.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? With Eight Illustrations. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound, 5s.

"One of Sarah Doudney's most charming idylls. The story is very sweet, and yet not dull or sentimental, full of charming surprises and soft emotions." —*Court Journal.*

"One of the most charming stories it is possible to conceive."—*Whitehall Review.*

II.

NELLY CHANNELL. With Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

"A quiet and wholesome story well told."—*Daily News.*

"A clever tale, inculcating noble principles."—*Christian.*

III.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES. With Frontispiece. New and Cheaper Edition. 11th Thousand. 3s. 6d.

"A pretty and well-written story."—*Athenæum.*

"One of the most charming and exquisitely-told tales that we ever had the pleasure of perusing."—*Literary World.*

BY MRS. ROBERT O'REILLY.

I.

THE RED HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS. With Twenty-six Illustrations by F. A. Fraser. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt extra, 3s. 6d.

II.

REED FARM. With Thirteen Illustrations by Townley Green. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt extra, 3s. 6d.

"One of Mrs. O'Reilly's best and happiest efforts. Our readers may take our word for it that if they take up the book they will not wish to put it down again until they have finished it."—*The Christian Age.*

III.

SUSSEX STORIES. With Twenty Illustrations by Fred. Barnard. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"The humour and pathos of these stories are beyond all praise."—*Standard.*

"We have never seen better stories of their kind."—*Academy.*

"Mrs. O'Reilly possesses the art which Miss Mitford exhibited so remarkably in 'Our Village.' To make a short tale attractive has baffled the art of some of the greatest of our novelists. It is a special gift, and the author of 'Sussex Stories' may be congratulated on its possession."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

LONDON: HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

I.

FROM POWDER MONKEY TO ADMIRAL. A Story of Naval Adventure. Eight Illustrations. Handsomely bound. 5s. Gilt edges.

"This story is equal to any ever written by its author. It is full of life and adventure. In the stirring days of the French War, Bill Rayner was a London Arab, and the story tells how by good conduct and bravery Bill rose from the position of powder monkey to that of Admiral. He is, early in his career, wrecked and taken prisoner, with another lad his own age, and the pair go through some exciting adventures before they are again afloat. No detailed description is possible of a story which is from end to end crowded with adventure and incident."—*Standard.*

"Kingston's tales require no commendation. They are full of go. All lads enjoy them, and many men. This is one of his best stories—a youthful critic assures us his very best."—*Sheffield Independent.*

II.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE, THE SUPERCARGO. The Story of his Adventures Ashore and Afloat. With Eight Illustrations, Portrait, and Short Account of the Author. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, handsomely bound, 5s.

III.

JOVINIAN. A Tale of Early Papal Rome. With Eight Illustrations. Cheap Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

IV.

HENDRICKS THE HUNTER; or, The Border Farm. A Tale of Zululand. With Five Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Handsomely bound in cloth. Gilt edges, price 5s.

"A delightful book of travel and adventure in Zululand. The reader is introduced to Cetewayo as a young man, before he had attained his rank and pre-eminence as 'a noble savage.' The book is very interesting."—*Athenæum.*

"A boy may be happy all day with Mr. Kingston's 'Hendricks the Hunter.'"—*Saturday Review.*

V.

CLARA MAYNARD; or, The True and the False. A Tale for the Times. Ninth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

VI.

PETER TRAWL; or, The Adventures of a Whaler. With Eight Illustrations. Handsomely bound in cloth. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, price 5s.

"A whaling story by the late Mr. Kingston, and promises well. It is a manly sort of book, with a good deal of information in it, as well as the adventures which boys love. A true story of a gallant skipper, who, with the assistance of a ship's carpenter, amputated his own leg, is amongst the notable occurrences recorded."—*Athenæum.*

LONDON: HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

HODDER & STOUGHTON'S

ILLUSTRATED LIST OF

Gift Books for the Young.

In a Handsome Cloth Binding. **Fcap. quarto, price 5s.**

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE NURSERY.

BY

L. T. MEADE

WITH

Forty Illustrations

BY

T. PYM.

BY DR. MACAULAY, Editor of "The Leisure Hour."

I.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. With Thirteen Illustrations.

TRUE TALES OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE, VALOUR AND VIRTUE.

[*See Specimen Illustration on opposite page.*

II.

GREY HAWK: Life and Adventures among the Red Indians. An Old Story Retold. Eleven Illustrations. Handsomely bound, gilt edges, 5s.

"The editor of the *Leisure Hour* having come across a romantic story of real life, has worked it up into a genuinely interesting Indian story. The illustrations and handsome style in which the book is got up make it very suitable for presentation."—*Sheffield Independent.*

"We cannot better testify to its absorbing interest than by saying that we have read every word of it. It is a unique picture of Indian life and customs—of a state of things which already has well-nigh passed away. It is as instructive as it is romantic. As a book for boys, and not for them only, it can scarcely be surpassed."—*British Quarterly Review.*

III.

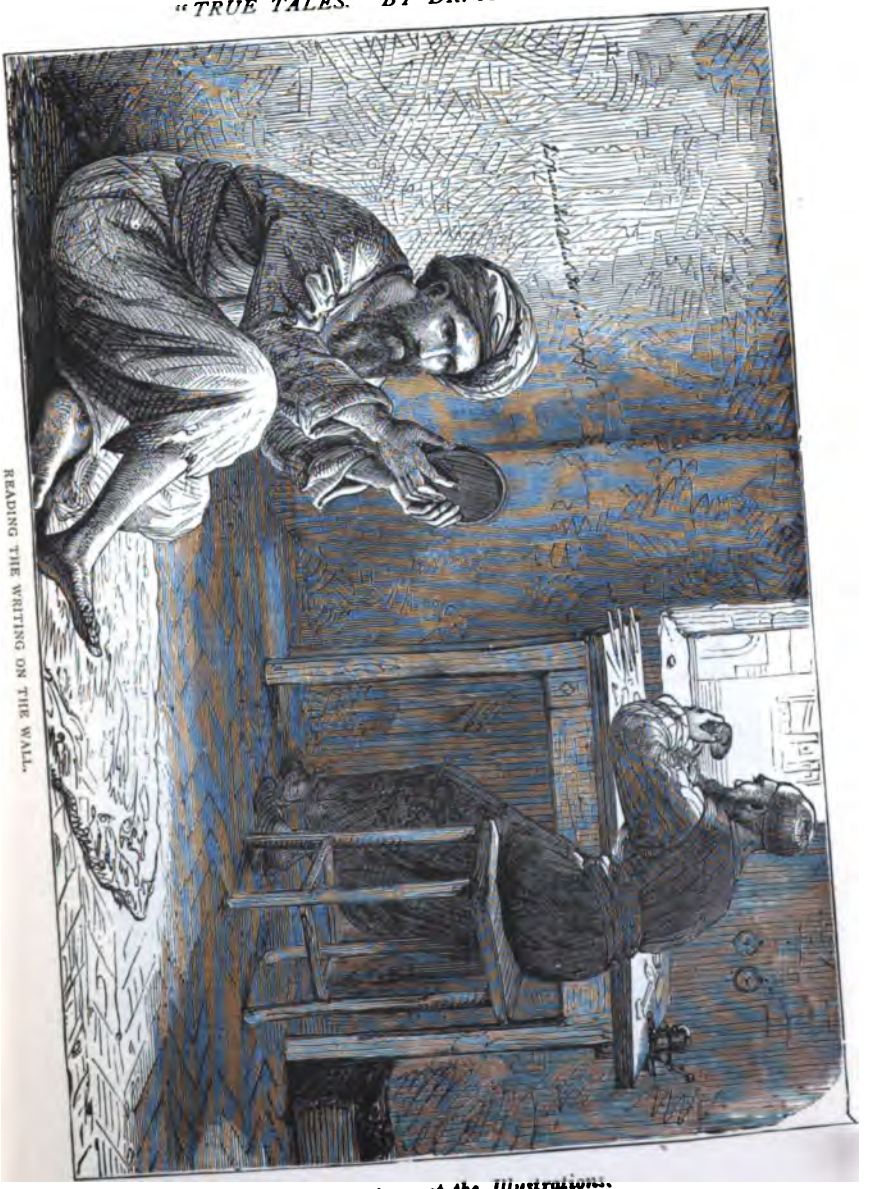
ALL TRUE. Records of Peril and Adventure by Sea and Land—Remarkable Escapes and Deliverances—Missionary Enterprises and Travels—Wonders of Nature and Providence—Incidents of Christian History and Biography. With Twelve Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s.

"'All True' contains records of adventures by sea and land, remarkable escapes and deliverances, missionary enterprises, etc.; is as entertaining as the majority of such books are depressing, and may be welcomed as a welcome present for children. The illustrations are above the average of those vouchsafed to us in children's books."—*Spectator.*

IV.

ACROSS THE FERRY: First Impressions of America and its People. With Nine Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 5s.

"Dr. Macaulay not only records his own impressions, but he incorporates with them much of the useful and interesting information which an intelligent traveller not only picks up, but takes special pains to furnish himself with. The volume is a series of photographs of America as it was in 1870, and is full, therefore, of practical interest."—*British Quarterly Review.*



READING THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

Specimen of the Illustrations.

BY THE LATE W. H. G. KINGSTON.

"Mr. Kingston's inimitable stories."—*British Quarterly Review.*

I.

FROM POWDER MONKEY TO ADMIRAL. A Story of Naval Adventure. Eight Illustrations. Handsomely bound. 5s. Gilt edges.

"Kingston's tales require no commendation. They are full of go. All lads enjoy them, and many men. This is one of his best stories—a youthful critic assures us his very best."—*Sheffield Independent.*

II.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE, THE SUPERCARGO. The Story of his Adventures Ashore and Afloat. With Eight Illustrations, Portrait, and Short Account of the Author. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, handsomely bound, 5s.

"The supercargo's exploits at sea during the early part of this century appear as fresh and vigorous as though they were described yesterday. It is a healthy, hearty, enjoyable story."—*Daily Chronicle.*

III.

JOVINIAN. A Tale of Early Papal Rome. With Eight Illustrations. Cheap Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

"It is a powerful and thrilling story."—*Methodist Recorder.*

IV.

HENDRICKS THE HUNTER; or, The Border Farm. A Tale of Zululand. With Five Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Handsomely bound in cloth. Gilt edges, price 5s.

"A delightful book of travel and adventure in Zululand."—*Athenæum.*

"A boy may be happy all day with Mr. Kingston's 'Hendricks the Hunter.'"—*Saturday Review.*

V.

CLARA MAYNARD; or, The True and the False. A Tale for the Times. Ninth Thousand. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"An admirable story, in which the mischievous results of Ritualistic teaching are effectively shown."—*Rock.*

VI.

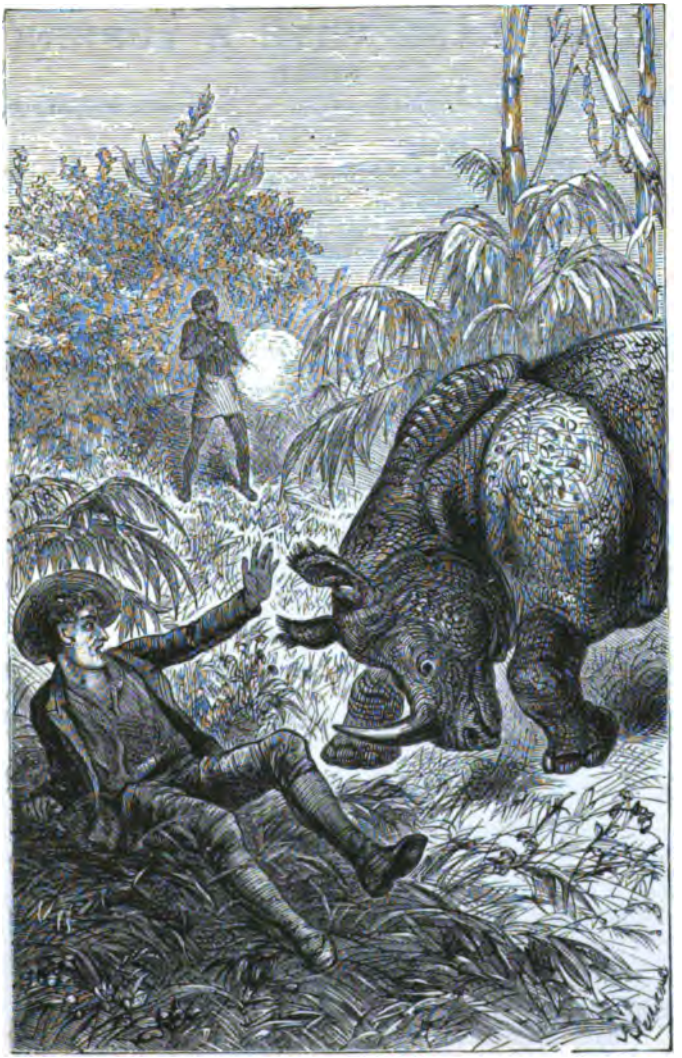
PETER TRAWL; or, The Adventures of a Whaler. With Eight Illustrations. Handsomely bound in cloth. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, price 5s.

"Here will be found shipwrecks and desert islands, and hair-breadth escapes of every kind, all delightful and spirit-stirring."—*Court Journal.*

"It is a manly sort of book, with a good deal of information in it, as well as the adventures which boys love."—*Athenæum.*

"HENDRICKS THE HUNTER." BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

Specimen of the Illustrations.



THE RHINOCEROS CHARGE."

BY MISS DOUDNEY.

I.

Handsomely Bound, Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING:

A STORY.

With Sixteen Illustrations by M. E. EDWARDS. *See specimen on opposite page.*

II.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? With Eight Illustrations. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound, 5s.

"One of Sarah Doudney's most charming idylls. The story is very sweet, full of charming surprises and soft emotions."—*Court Journal.*

"One of the most charming stories it is possible to conceive."—*Whitehall Review.*

III.

NELLY CHANNELL. With Four Illustrations. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

"A quiet and wholesome story well told."—*Daily News.*

"A clever tale, inculcating noble principles."—*Christian.*

IV.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES. With Frontispiece. New and Cheaper Edition. 11th Thousand. 3s. 6d.

"A pretty and well-written story."—*Athenæum.*

"One of the most charming and exquisitely-told tales that we ever had the pleasure of perusing."—*Literary World.*

BY MRS. ROBERT O'REILLY.

"Mrs. O'Reilly possesses the art which Miss Mitford exhibited so remarkably in 'Our Village.' To make a short tale attractive has baffled the art of some of the greatest of our novelists. It is a special gift, and she may be congratulated on its possession."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

I.

THE RED HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS. With Twenty-six Illustrations by F. A. Fraser. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

II.

REED FARM. With Thirteen Illustrations by Townley Green. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt extra, 3s. 6d.

"One of Mrs. O'Reilly's best and happiest efforts.'—*Christian Age.*

III.

MEG'S MISTAKE, and other Sussex Stories. With Twenty Illustrations by Fred. Barnard. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"The humour and pathos of these stories are beyond all praise."—*Standard.* "We have never seen better stories of their kind."—*Academy.*

"Cassie saw a shadow on her face."

Handsomely Bound, Fcap. quarto, gilt edges, 4s.

THE CHILDREN OF CHINA:

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILDREN OF ENGLAND.

By the Author of "The Children of India.' With Numerous Illustrations.

THE CHILDREN'S PASTIME: Pictures and Stories. By L. G. SÉGUIN, Author of "Walks in Algiers," etc. With 200 illustrations. Square crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"It contains many excellent stories. They are well illustrated by many woodcuts. A treasure for those who have to amuse young folks."—*Scotsman.*
"A capital gift-book for a good boy or girl."—*Literary World.*
"A welcome gift in any nursery of young children."—*Literary Churchman.*

STORY AFTER STORY of Land and Sea, Man and Beast. BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH MY CHILDREN," etc. With 130 illustrations. Square crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"The pages contain engravings in abundance, each one serving to illustrate a pleasant little story."—*Sunday School Times.*
"For young people this volume must prove quite an attractive mine of amusement. It will make an excellent prize."—*Schoolmaster.*
"A most attractive and useful volume for young readers."—*Rock.*

By the same Author.

CHEERFUL SUNDAYS: Stories, Parables, and Poems for Children. With 150 illustrations. Square cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"'Cheerful Sundays' is the title of another volume of religious stories and verses for children. It is well done, and is excellently illustrated."—*Scotsman.*
"A good book for Sunday Reading for little ones."—*Standard.*

SEPPEL; or, The Burning of the Synagogue at Munich. By GUSTAV NIERITZ. With Frontispiece. 1s. 6d.

"The narrative is of thrilling interest."—*Edinburgh Daily Review.*

BUSY HANDS AND PATIENT HEARTS; or, The Blind Boy of Dresden and his Friends. By the same Author. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, illustrated. 1s. 6d.

"One of the most beautiful stories ever written for children."
"A real and genuine Christmas story."—*Times.* *Nonconformist.*

THE CHILDREN'S PASTIME.

Specimen of the Illustrations.

"MALCOLM AND HIS LITTLE SISTER."

Handsomely bound, large paper, gilt edges,

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

THE "PRIZE" ILLUSTRATED EDITION

OF

FROM LOG CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE,

THE STORY OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S LIFE.

By W. M. THAYER,

Author of "George Washington," "The Pioneer Boy," etc., etc.

THIS EDITION, containing twenty full-page Illustrations, and two Steel Portraits, completes the issue of 135,000 copies of this extraordinarily popular work. Its subject, its style, and its appearance combine to render the book pre-eminently suitable for presents, prizes, and school libraries. *See specimen illustration on opposite page.*

CHEAPER EDITIONS at 1s, 1s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. may also be had, containing a fine Portrait of President Garfield.

"One of the most romantic stories of our time."—*British Quarterly Review.*

"The boyhood of Garfield, his struggles with poverty and other difficulties, his self-education, his strong religious sense, are all depicted in a way that brings out very strikingly the great character of the man."—*Guardian.*

"There could not possibly be a better or more useful gift-book for Christmas-tide, New Year, birthday, or indeed any 'tide,' year, or day than this thrilling story of one who from his earliest boyhood to the hour of his martyrdom, was every inch a king."—*Golden Hours.*

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE ORIENT BOYS:

A TALE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d., with Illustrations by T. PYM.

CHARITY MOORE:

A STORY.

By LINA ORMAN-COOPER.

Handsomely bound, with numerous Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

SLYBOOTS,

AND OTHER FARMYARD CHRONICLES.

By BEATA FRANCIS,

Author of "Fables and Fancies."

"Delightfully simple and natural, and lighted up with gleams of fun and humour."
Literary World.

"We have thoroughly enjoyed and heartily laughed over these chronicles."
Bath Journal.

"There is a subtle moral in each of these chronicles, and the style is extremely humorous. A most enjoyable volume."—*Derby Mercury.*

FROM THE ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF

"FROM LOG CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE."

BY L. T. MEADE, Author of "Scamp and I," etc., etc.

I.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. With Frontispiece.

THE TWO SISTERS.

II.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. With Frontispiece.

SCARLET ANEMONES.

III.

HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND. With Six Illustrations. Handsomely bound, price 5s.

"A charming story. The characters are excellently drawn."—*Standard.*

"The story is worthy of the highest praise. Altogether, this is one of the best stories of the season."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

IV.

HERMIE'S ROSEBUDS, and other Stories. With Illustrations. Handsomely bound, price 3s. 6d.

"A collection of short pieces by this gifted authoress, illustrative of the quickening and ennobling influence exerted even on the worst of men by children. The whole series is a powerful and pathetic illustration of the text, 'A little child shall lead them.' 'The Least of These' is a capital sketch, so is 'Jack Darling's Conqueror.'"—*Freeman.*

BY MISS M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," etc.

I.

FRIAR HILDEBRAND'S CROSS; or, The Monk of Tavystoke Abbaye. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"The volume is beautifully written, and never were the struggles of a true and faithful heart more touchingly depicted. The tenderness of the sentiment which binds the friar to Cicely is depicted with such exquisite refinement and delicacy that many a bright eye will be dimmed with tears in the perusal."—*Court Journal.*

II.

THE FLOWER OF THE GRASSMARKET. With Five Illustrations. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"There is a healthy moral tone of a very high order sustained throughout the work, and an easy grace and diction, which make it highly commendable."—*Edinburgh Daily Review.*

"A handsomely got-up volume. The story is admirably written. The reader never loses interest in the fortunes of the various characters in it."—*Sheffield Independent.*

ILLUSTRATION FROM "HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND."

"'I AM YOUR OWN COUSIN, SAID CHARLOTTE.'

BY DR. GORDON STABLES, R.N.

I.

Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 5s. With Eighteen Illustrations

STANLEY GRAHAME:

A TALE OF THE DARK CONTINENT.

II.

ADVENTURES ROUND THE POLE; or, The Cruise of the "Snowbird" Crew in the "Arrandoon." Eight Illustrations. Handsomely bound, gilt edges, 5s.

"It is a story of thrilling interest, the essence of a dozen Arctic voyages, lighted up by a good deal of fun and frolic, and chastened by manly religious feeling. It has excited us as we have read."—*British Quarterly Review.*

"The illustrations are excellent. Healthy-minded boys will find in the volume a source of great pleasure. It is brightly written, it is full of adventure, and it is thoroughly wholesome."—*Scotsman.*

III.

THE CRUISE OF THE SNOWBIRD. A Story of Arctic Adventure. With Nine Full-page Illustrations. Handsomely bound. Gilt edges, 5s.

"This is a capital story of adventure of the sort that all true boys delight in. Every page teems with wonderful stories 'of moving accidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth 'scapes'; and perhaps the greatest charm about these 'yarns' is that they are so true to nature that they read like actual experiences. A story which is full of 'go,' and will, we venture to predict, be one of the most popular 'boys' books' of the season."—*Academy.*

BY MRS. PRENTISS.

I.

THE STORY LIZZIE TOLD. By Mrs. E. PRENTISS, Author of "Stepping Heavenward." Illustrated. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s.

"One of the most charmingly delicate tales of an invalid child's life that we have ever read."—*Nonconformist.*

II.

THE LITTLE PREACHER. With Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

"Of the 'Little Preacher,' the scene of which is laid in the Black Forest, a German gentleman, talking to a friend about the authoress, exclaimed enthusiastically, 'I wish I knew her! I would so like to thank her for her perfect picture. It is a miracle of genius,' he added, 'to be able thus to portray the life of a *foreign* people.'"—*Congregationalist.*

"THEY WERE ALONE IN THE BEAUTIFUL WOODS."

WORKS BY MRS. G. S. REANEY.

I.

Handsomely bound, crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

JUST IN TIME;

Or, Howard Clarion's Rescue.

II.

New and Cheaper Edition.

DAISY SNOWFLAKE'S SECRET. A Story of English Home Life. Elegantly bound. 3s. 6d.

"Winning in style, pure and earnest in tone, and of commanding interest." *Daily Review.*

III.

OUR DAUGHTERS: Their Lives Here and Hereafter. Eighth Thousand, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"A thoroughly wise and helpful book."—*Christian.*

IV.

MORNING THOUGHTS FOR OUR DAUGHTERS. Fourth Thousand. Handsomely bound, 1s. 6d.

V.

OUR BROTHERS AND SONS. Third Thousand. Elegantly bound, 3s. 6d.

"One of her best books, written in excellent English, and with a racy, earnest pen."—*Evangelical Magazine.*

MRS. REANEY'S SHILLING SERIES.

Tastefully bound in cloth, price 1s. each.

Found at Last.
Little Glory's Mission.
Unspoken Addresses.
Number Four, and Other Stories.
Chippings.
Not Alone in the World.

"Written with all the author's well-known sweetness and persuasiveness of style."—*The Outlook.*

"Good little books in Mrs. Reaney's very best style. We hope they will sell by hundreds of thousands."—*Sword and Trowel.*

BY ISAAC PLEYDELL.

IN A CORNER OF THE VINEYARD. A Village Story. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 5s.

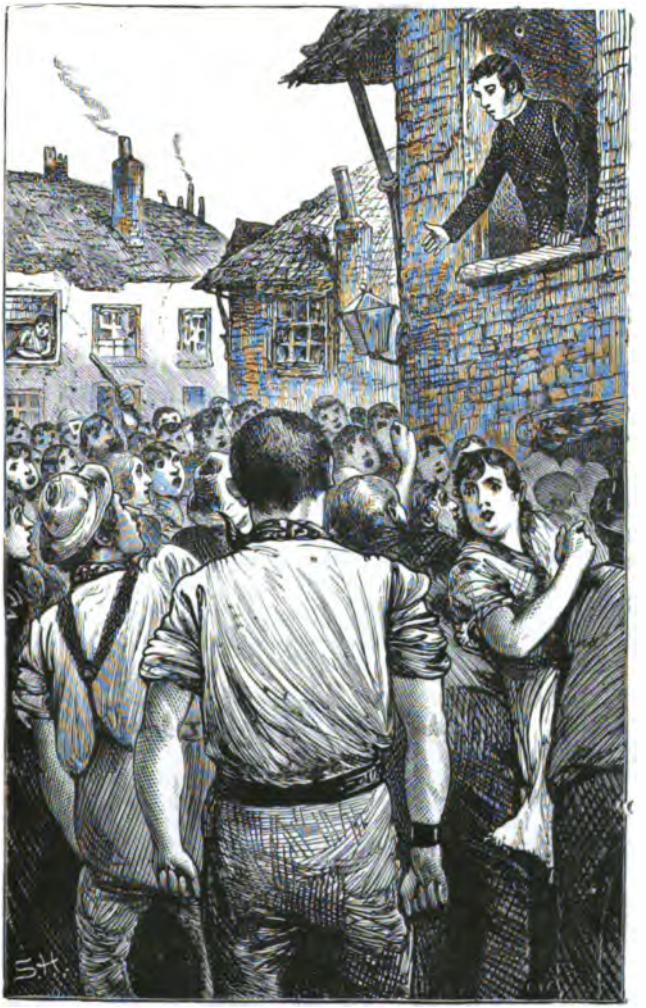
"The hard, rough life of the men is vigorously drawn."—*Athenæum.*

"The characters are drawn with graphic skill, and the story is one of absorbing interest."—*Derby Mercury.*

"A touching and stimulating story."—*Christian World.*

IN A CORNER OF THE VINEYARD.

Frontispiece.



THE NEW PARSON.

Handsomely Bound, Fcap. quarto, cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF JESUS

TOLD IN WORDS EASY TO READ AND UNDERSTAND.

By the Author of "The Story of the Bible," etc.

With Forty Illustrations. *See opposite page.*

CLUNY MACPHERSON. A Tale of Brotherly Love. By A. E. BARR. With Six Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.

"The story is of thrilling interest."—*Literary World.*

"The book, which is splendidly got up, is throughout exceedingly readable." *Perthshire Constitutional.*

"This singularly beautiful story."—*Daily Review.*

CAPITAL FOR WORKING BOYS. Chapters on Character Building. By J. E. M'CONAUGHY. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

CONTENTS.—Choice of Occupation—Small Beginnings—The Life Purpose—The Best Capital—Ingrained Working Habits—Business Education—Tent Mates—On Time—Habits of Economy—A Courteous Manner—Weights—Reefs—Second Thoughts—Success out of Hardship—Manly Independence—A Straight Course—Boys who Read—Decision of Character—Conversation—Letter Writing—The Best Praise—The Rest Day—Power to Work—The Tree by the River—By Path Meadows—Enduring Riches—Home.

THORNTON HALL; or, Old Questions in Young Lives. By PHŒBE J. MCKEEN. Crown 8vo, nicely bound, price 3s. 6d.

"An interesting and well-written story. The characters of the girls are well drawn, and the tone of the book excellent throughout."—*Church Sunday School Magazine.*

THEODORA CAMERON. A Home Story. By the same Author. With Five Full-page Illustrations. Seventh Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 5s.

"A pretty story of the great civil war, which though issued in a single volume, comprises not less matter than an ordinary novel, and introduces the reader to many varieties of character, and numerous stirring scenes in the home and on the battle-field."—*Daily News.*

THE WINTHROP FAMILY. A Story of New England Life Fifty Years Ago. By the Author of "May Chester," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"A very dainty, winsome volume."—*Freeman.*

"Primitive New England life, hospitality, and home-heartedness are finely wrought out in it. There is a quiet, easy grace, a pleasant sparkle, and a genial attractiveness in the style which exactly suits the life, manner, and personages of the narrative. A most admirable one for home interest and delight."—*Golden Hours.*

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

Handsomely Bound, Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

"THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN."

By JULIA F. ARMSTRONG.

With Twelve Illustrations. *See opposite page.*

BY J. R. H. HAWTHORN.

I.

LAUNCHING AWAY; or, Roger Larksway's Strange Mission. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

"An excellently written book of incident and adventure mainly in Australia. The author knows how to make such a book interesting, and he has in this one eminently succeeded."—*Scotsman.*

II.

THE PIONEER OF A FAMILY; or, Adventures of a Young Governess. Second Edition. With Frontispiece. 5s.

"Few stories have such an air of reality about them. Mr. Hawthorn has the faculty of drawing his characters in such graphic fashion, that we seem to have known them, and are forced to sympathise with their joys and sorrows." —*Aberdeen Free Press.*

"Full of terse and powerful sketches of colonial life."—*Freeman.*

JOSE AND BENJAMIN. A Tale of Jerusalem in the Time of the Herods. By Professor F. DELITZSCH, Leipzig. Translated by J. G. SMIETON, M.A. Elegantly bound, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"A beautiful story, both in conception and execution. It has an especial value as the work of a renowned scholar and Orientalist."—*Watchman.*

BELL'S STANDARD ELOCUTIONIST. Principles and Exercises. Followed by a copious Selection of Extracts in Prose and Poetry, Classified and Adapted for Reading and Recitation. By D. C. and A. M. BELL. New and greatly Enlarged Edition. Containing over 500 of the choicest Extracts in the English Language, with the Principles of Elocution fully stated. Strongly half-bound in roan, 544 pages, 3s. 6d.

"This is the best book of the kind."—*Bookseller.*

OLIVER WYNDHAM. A Tale of the Great Plague. By the Author of "Naomi; or, The Last Days of Jerusalem," etc. Fifteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"The chief merit of the book is the exquisite delicacy with which it illustrates Christian feeling and Christian principle in circumstances the most trying and varied."—*Weekly Review.*

THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Specimen of the Illustrations.

"THE PICNIC PARTY."

In Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d., handsomely bound.

FERN GLEN FARM.

By HELEN PINKERTON REDDEN.

With Illustrations by the Author. *See opposite page.*

BY MARIE HALL nee SIBREE.

I.

NOBLE, BUT NOT THE NOBLEST. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"The picture is skilfully drawn, with tender touches and with artistic lights. We heartily commend it. To those who have read the author's previous stories of 'The Dying Saviour and the Gipsy Girl,' 'Andrew Marvel,' etc., this is scarcely necessary."—*British Quarterly Review.*

"A more elegantly written, graceful, and powerful story the present season has not yielded us."—*Freeman.*

II.

ANDREW MARVEL AND HIS FRIENDS: A Story of the Siege of Hull. Third Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

III.

THE DYING SAVIOUR AND THE GIPSY GIRL, and other Tales. Fifteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"The stories are gracefully written: they are marked by good feeling and refined taste, and the moral conveyed by them is unexceptionable."—*Spectator.*

IV.

THE DYING SAVIOUR AND THE GIPSY GIRL, and THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. Two Stories. Eighteenth Thousand. Fcap. 8vo, price 1s.

"A literary gem not less admirable for the beauty of its diction, and the artistic finish of its details, than for its lucid exhibition of the gospel. The 'Old, Old Story' was seldom told in sweeter words."—*S. S. World.*

DAVID EASTERBROOK. An Oxford Story. By TREGELLES POLKINGHORNE. With Frontispiece. Handsomely bound, 5s.

"An exceedingly interesting story."—*Rock.*

"A bright, vigorous, and useful work."—*Freeman.*

THE WESTONS OF RIVERDALE; or, The Trials and Triumphs of Temperance Principles. By E. C. A. ALLEN. Handsomely bound. Crown 8vo, price 5s.

"An excellent temperance story. Is admirably calculated to further the cause of real abstinence, and young people especially will read it with interest."—*Watchman.*

Specimen of the Illustrations.

"SUNDAY MORNING IN THE COUNTRY."

BY EDWIN HODDER.

I.

EPHRAIM AND HELAH. A Story of the Exodus. Eighth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth elegant, 5s.

"Mr. Hodder gives a vivid description of the daily life of the Hebrews immediately at and before the time of the coming of Moses. The picture is full of interest."—*The Queen.*

II.

TOSSED ON THE WAVES. A Story of Young Life. Fifteenth Thousand. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"We cannot think that a boy could take up the book without feeling its fascination, or without rising a better lad from its perusal. The scenes of life on the sea and in the colonies are peculiarly attractive."—*British Quarterly Review.*

III.

THE JUNIOR CLERK. A Tale of City Life. Fourteenth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

"Mr. Shipton observes that the author described this tale to him as a fiction. He remarks: 'It may be so to him, but for every one of his statements I could supply a fact. It is not merely true to nature as a narration of the means by which young men may be—it is a true record of the ways in which many have been, and many still are being—led to dishonour and ruin.' Such a recommendation as this will be sufficient to ensure for this little book a hearty welcome from many readers."—*Christian World.*

THE WHITE CROSS AND DOVE OF PEARLS. A Biography of Light and Shade. By the Author of "Laura Linwood," etc. Sixth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"'The White Cross and Dove of Pearls' will not disappoint the expectations of those who may already have formed justly high opinions of this strikingly original and sympathetic writer's ability to interest, to amuse, and to elevate her readers. It is a fiction without false sentiment, without unhealthy imagination, and without a single vulgar or frivolous idea."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE SISTERS OF GLENCOE; or, Letitia's Choice. By EVA WYNNE. Twentieth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth elegant, price 5s.

"Its life pictures are skilfully drawn, and the most wholesome lessons are enforced with fidelity and power."—*Temperance Record.*

"An admirable story, illustrating in a most effective manner the mischief arising from the use of intoxicating liquors."—*Rock.*

THE BEGGARS. (*See next page.*)

"VIVENT LES GUEUX!" ("LONG LIVE THE BEGGARS.")

I.

A BRAVE RESOLVE; or, the Siege of Stralsund. A Story of Heroism and Adventure. With Eight Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound, 3s.6d.

"Gives a capital picture of the Siege of Stralsund in the Thirty Years' War. It is an excellent historical novel."—*The Guardian.*

"A highly interesting romance. The exciting events of the Thirty Years' War are depicted with much fidelity, and the love story lends an additional charm to a thoroughly readable book."—*Court Journal.*

"It is admirably done—we have not read a better historical story for a long time."—*British Quarterly Review.*

II.

THE BEGGARS; or, the Founders of the Dutch Republic. With Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth, 3s. 6d.

"Mr. de Liefde's 'Beggars' is a piece of genuine historical romance, full of incident, and not wanting in colour and lesson. The book is a good and lively one, and we cordially recommend it."—*Argosy.*

"This is an interesting and animated story, the scene of which is laid in the Netherlands at a time with which Mr. Motley's works have made us familiar. The hero of Mr. de Liefde's tale engages in an attempt to rescue Count Egmont the night before his execution, and afterwards takes service in the fleet of Sea Beggars, which was so troublesome to Spain, and of such service to the young Dutch Republic. There is no lack of adventure in the book."—*Athenæum.*

BY ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D.

I.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

THE CHILDREN'S PORTION.

II.

TALKING TO THE CHILDREN. Tenth Edition. 3s. 6d.

"An exquisite work. Divine truths are here presented in simple language, illustrated by parable and anecdote at once apt and beautiful."—*Evangelical Magazine.*

III.

THE GENTLE HEART. A Second Series of "Talking to the Children." Fifth Thousand. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Mr. SPURGEON says: "We have been fascinated with the originality and beauty of its thought, charmed with the simplicity and elegance of its language, enriched with the store of its illustrations, and blest in spirit through its abundant manifestation of 'the truth as it is in Jesus.'"

A BRAVE RESOLVE.

Specimen of the Illustrations.

"CAPTAIN WYNDHAM SURPRISED BY A VISIT FROM HELENA."

I. JUNO AND GEORGIE.

II. MARY OSBORNE.

III. JUNO ON A JOURNEY.

IV. HUBERT.

With Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, price 1s. 6d. each.

"Well printed and elegantly bound, will surely meet with a hearty welcome. We remember the delight we took in them years ago. and how lessons which they inculcated have left their traces until this day. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, was one of the warmest admirers of the author of 'The Young Christian,' and recognized in him a man of congenial spirit. For strong common sense, knowledge of child nature, and deep religious fervour, we have had nothing superior to these four delightful stories."—*Freeman*

"The author of 'The Young Christian' is really an English classic. One of his little books exerted such an influence on Frederick Robertson of Brighton, that its perusal formed a turning-point in the life of that great preacher; and there have probably been thousands on both sides of the Atlantic similarly affected by the writings of the same author. We therefore welcome with peculiar satisfaction the elegant edition of four of his best stories"—*Christian Leader.*

SHORE AND SEA: Stories of Great Vikings and Sea Captains. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Ten illustrations. Handsomely bound. 5s. Gilt edges.

"A book which is as thrilling as any romance."—*Scotsman.*

"An interesting book for adventure-loving boys. It contains a capital description of the life, customs, and manners of the Norsemen, together with much pleasantly-told information concerning 'Sebastian Cabot,' 'De Soto,' 'The Early Colonizers of Virginia,' 'Drake,' 'Hudson,' and 'Henry Morgan.' This collection will be deservedly popular."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

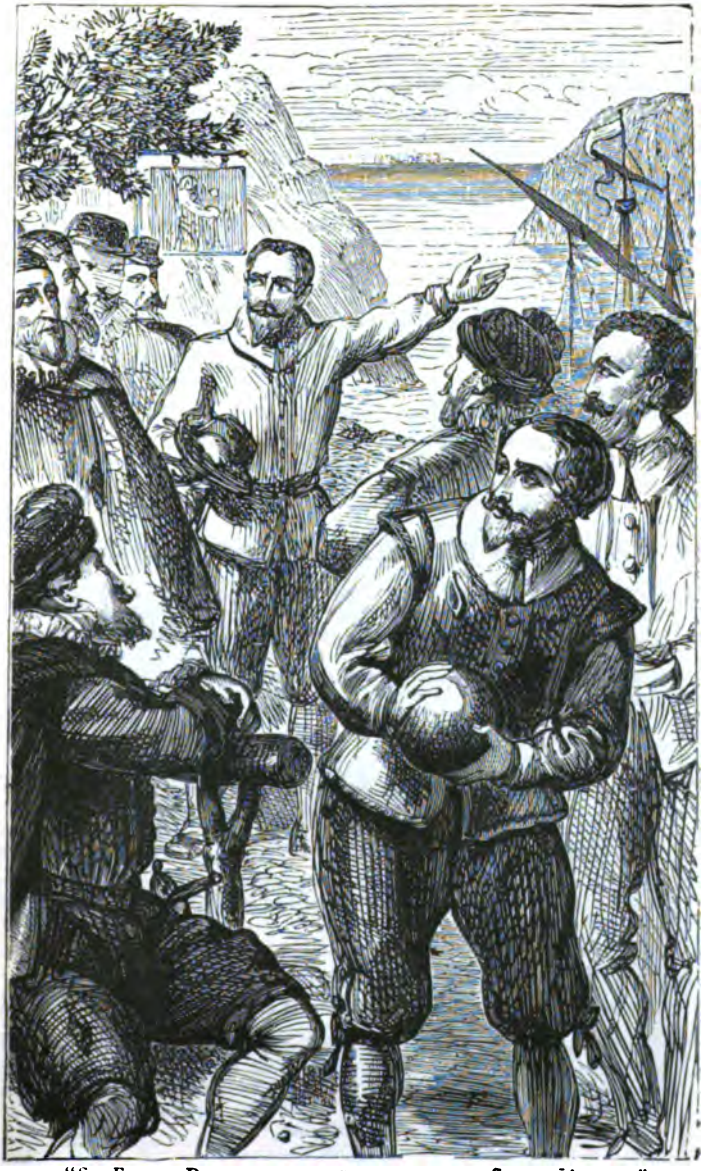
"This is a carefully written and thoroughly good book. Mr. Adams has tried to sketch the lives of famous sea captains with fidelity as well as with graphic power. . . . It is the romance of the sea as it has been actually realized, and boys will find it as instructive as it is interesting."—*British Quarterly Review.*

[*See Specimen Illustration on opposite page.*

DAVID LIVINGSTONE: The Story of his Life and Labours; or, The Weaver Boy who became a Missionary. By H. G. ADAMS. With Steel Portrait and Thirty Illustrations. Fifty-seventh Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"An admirable condensation of 'The Story of the Life and Labours of Dr. Livingstone.' Comprehensive in range, abounding in detail, and vividly presenting the graphic description of the great explorer himself."—*Record.*

ILLUSTRATION FROM "SHORE AND SEA."



"SIR FRANCIS DRAKE RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE SPANISH ARMADA."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE REDFERN'S TROUBLES," etc.

I.

THE BAIRNS; or, Janet's Love and Service. With Five Illustrations. Thirteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth elegant, 5s.

"A special interest attaches to 'The Bairns.' The characters are forcibly delineated, and the touches of homeliness which seem almost peculiar to our northern kinsfolk impart a peculiar charm."—*Record.*

[*See Illustration on opposite page.*

II.

FREDERICA AND HER GUARDIANS; or, The Perils of Orphanhood. Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"An exceedingly well-told story, full of incidents of an attractive character. The story will be admired by all thoughtful girls."—*Public Opinion.*

"A sweet, pure, and beautiful story, such as may be put with confidence into the hands of any English girl."—*Sheffield Independent.*

III.

THE TWA MISS DAWSONS. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 5s.

"We gladly welcome a new book by the author of 'The Bairns.' That charming Canadian story opened a new field for readers of fiction. The present story is limited to Eastern Scotland. It is a family picture, settling down chiefly to the experiences of a charming old maiden aunt—a most admirable delineation—and an equally charming niece."—*British Quarterly Review.*

LINKS IN REBECCA'S LIFE. An American Story. By PANSY. With Frontispiece. Handsomely bound in cloth, 5s.

"By one of the ablest and sprightliest of American story-tellers."—*Christian.*

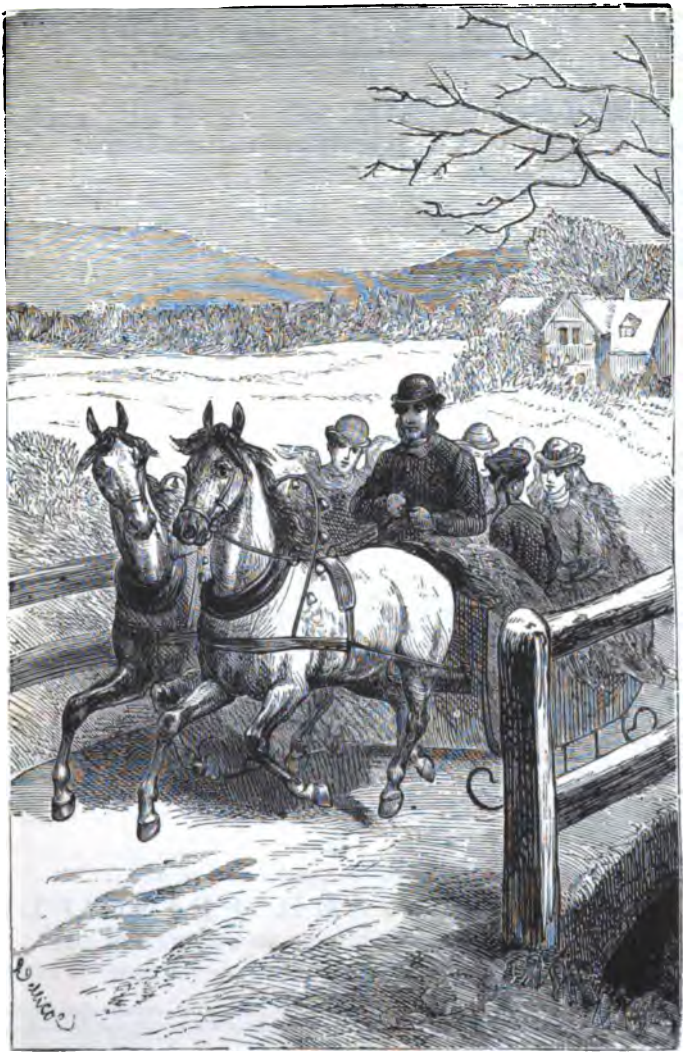
"We should like to see every young lady of our acquaintance fully engrossed in the reading of this book. It is an admirable five shillings' worth."—*Sword and Trowel.*

YENSIE WALTON. An American Story. By J. R. GRAHAM CLARK. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"In tone and spirit, plan and execution, this is a superb story. Rich in delineation of character, and in descriptions of real experience. A more fascinating and inspiring picture of a school-mistress, in one prolonged, prayerful, and sustained endeavour to lead an orphan pupil to Christ, was never drawn."—*General Baptist Magazine.*

THE BAIRNS.

Specimen of the Illustrations.



"THE SLEIGH RIDE."

WORKS BY W. M. THAYER.

Now Ready, 130th Thousand.

A SHILLING EDITION

OF

FROM LOG CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE,

THE STORY OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S LIFE.

In Paper Boards, Illustrated Cover, with Fine Steel Portrait.
CLOTH EDITION, 1s. 6d.; CLOTH GILT, 3s. 6d.; ILLUSTRATED EDITION, GILT EDGES, 5s. Suitable for Presents, Prizes, and School Libraries.

II.

Fifth Thousand, handsomely bound, 5s.

GEORGE WASHINGTON:

HIS BOYHOOD AND MANHOOD.

With Steel Portrait.

"The character of Washington was a very noble one, and his life may well be taken as an example by boys. The biography is written in a lively and pleasant tone, and without any of the dryness which is too often the accompaniment of this form of literature. While the details are all strictly historical, the characters are made to live and breathe."—*Standard.*

"Mr. Thayer has before this displayed exceptional skill as a biographer, and he repeats his success with the present volume. The story of Washington's life is told rather by means of a series of anecdotes and incidents than in the formal way generally adopted, and a very graphic and entertaining narrative is thus presented."—*Rock.*

III.

Tenth Thousand, handsomely bound, 5s., with Portrait.

THE PIONEER BOY, and HOW HE BECAME PRESIDENT:

THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Many of the details of this work were furnished by PRESIDENT LINCOLN himself, and by his early associates and friends.

"Mr. Thayer is not merely a biographer, a compiler of dry details, but he invests his subject with a halo of delightful romance, and the result is as pleasing as the most imaginative book of fiction. So cleverly has the author done his work, that the result is a combination of pictures from the life of this great man, with humorous anecdote and stirring narrative."—*Society.*

"The author has done his work thoroughly well, and the result is a book of exciting narrative, of humorous anecdote, and of lifelike portraiture."—*Daily Telegraph.*

IV.

Crown 8vo, cloth, handsomely bound, 3s. 6d.

TACT, PUSH, AND PRINCIPLE:

A BOOK FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO SUCCEED IN LIFE.

"A very interesting book, which may stimulate many a young nature of the ardently practical kind to steady and determined exertion."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"Few better books could be imagined for presenting to a youth on his entrance upon the duties of active life. We pity the young man who could read these pages without being wonderfully helped."—*Christian.*

LONDON: HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.